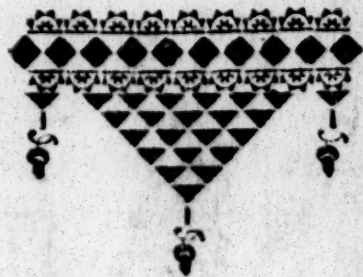


THE  
HYPERCRITIC.

---

'Tis true that *Critics* are the best of men,  
But HYPERCRITICS are as good aguen.  
MAN OF TASTE.

*Quia parum praesidii in legibus erat.*  
TACITUS.



L O N D O N :

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T H E

H Y P E R C R I T I C.

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**N**ATURE teaches all men their need of knowledge; and Reason soon evinces, how few can convey it; whether by word, or writing. Yet many talk plausibly, who cannot write clearly: with the audience that animated, their powers vanish. Some few, in silent solitude, investigate Analogy; who, in her widest ranges, brooks not interruption. Others (no petty class!) hasten jointly or severally, to blot paper, with what they dare not orally pronounce; and to inveigle the reader by his weakness, where they cannot display their own strength. Living language proves thus occasional, extemporaneous, and fugitive; the written letter becomes the permanent, as deliberate and diffusive, invigoration or bane of the mind. Men being therefore, effectively, wise or foolish in their works; in these are they chiefly estimated, by the apophthegm: *He, that walketh with wise men, shall be wise; but the companion, of fools, shall be destroyed.*

The generality of observers can more easily judge of men, than of books. Attentive common-sense suffices for the one,

refined science is indispensable to the other. The majority of readers, thence, necessarily following a few; whatever society shall undertake, and execute, the Herculean task of candidly perusing all publications; give a clear, however concise, sketch of each respective plan; and dispassionately demonstrate the excellences or defects, intellectual, moral, and literary, alike of the plan and of its execution: such Society must be honored, admired, and followed, in the career of letters; as holding the torch, at once, of Science and of Virtue. Such a society must adopt the principle of MARTIAL:

*Parcere personis, dicere de vitiis.*

To spare the person, and the fault expose.

For such alone is the principle of candid judgement.

That the reverse is the principle, must be inferred from the unvaried practice, of two volunteer-Associations: which patriotically erected themselves, one 34, the other 27 years ago, into Courts of Criticism: where the Public was to be taught how to judge of every new Work, great or small, that should invite or forbid its inspection; and sentence was to be pronounced, not merely on all Moderns; but (we now find) on some of the Ancients. How the Judges of either Tribunal were qualified for exalting to Elysium, or dejecting to Tartarus; was evinced, twenty years ago, in a Pamphlet, entitled *An APOLOGY for the MONTHLY REVIEW; with an APPENDIX in behalf of the CRITICAL*. There were exhibited the Decisions of both Courts, on various Authors in every kind. Here will be extracted, from the Records, of either, the series of their fulminations, poured, alike before and since the said *Apology*, on one devoted Pen; concerning which that part of the reading world, which (tho' the smaller) must sooner or later lead the other; has uniformly ventured to protest against the successive, or concurring, sentences of both the tremendous Tribunals. In the former Exhibition, where *Personality* was out of the question; *Religion, Learning, Wit* were the standing objects of sneer.

In



In *this*, all three (should they any where appear) vanish before the red-hot bolts, pointed solely at the hand of the Writer. *Personal* indeed they found the most effectual attack: for, the more filth is flung on a Culprit, the more the spectators are pleased. Nor proceeds this from any malignity in the nature of man; but, from an implicit confidence, in those they think should know; and, from a savage love of justice. Certain it is, that the more spleen either Bench, particularly the President, may have (however oddly) contracted against any writer; his works, by their very excellence, become the more criminal; and his personal character, if they dare not impeach it, sets him without the pale of pardon.

That the steddiness of both Benches may completely appear; as well as the stubbornness of one Genius, who, often by both doomed to dy, presumes yet to live; the Proceedings against him, from the foundation of either court to this day, may be no less important, than acceptable, to the Public.

The first subject, that called *the Monthly's* attention to this character, was,

“ *Religion*, a poem, from the French of the younger Racine; upon which (*April*, 1754) it proceeded thus:

“ The name of *Racine*, and the devout intention of his poem (however the subject may be adapted for poetical display or disquisition) would incline us to have passed over a translation, which does not appear to us to have done justice to *Racine*, nor seem likely to render any service to his subject. But, as the entire suppression of a performance, we think so moderately executed, might be ascribed to partiality; we shall submit two fair specimens of the translation to the judgment of our readers. The first Canto concludes thus:

- Who then, great God! can e'er mistake thee more?
- Thro' all thou speak'st; but mens distracted lore
- Hears not thy voice, or minds not what it says.
- To us thy wonders while the world displays;
- Charm'd with the goods, thou hast on earth bestow'd,
- Our eyes ne'er trace the fountain whence they flow'd.
- Still some new master does our hearts estrange.
- For objects new our souls still restless range;

While

- While we remain but far from Thee away.
- What crime, what curse has led us thus astray?
- Are, O my God! our woes without resource?
- Let's found their depth, ascend we to their source.
- Now to my eyes the scene of man be free:
- When I've known him, I'll know the better Thee.

• The fourth Canto sets out thus:

- The crush of empires, and the fall of thrones;
- The scatter'd nations, and the fields of bones;
- Those great reverses, which the common sort
- Think they may justly name, blind fortunes sport,
- Are sports of Him, who, master of our will,
- Can bid our furies his behests fulfil;
- And turn our passions, which way e'er they stray,
- His perfect plan to honor and obey.
- For, what have conqu'rors by ambition done,
- But made the *progress* of Religion run?
- Our hates, our wars, her glory have renew'd:
- To tell her story, is to make it good.

These verses are exactly transcribed from the translation, and our readers perhaps may think them sufficient to characterize the whole. But, as the original, tho' much better expressed, avows the sentiment of war's forwarding the progress of religion; if Racine extends it to the Christian system, we apprehend it is erroneous. *Mahometanism*, indeed, we have supposed propagated by the sword; as the koran, we conceive, recommends. But surely this was not the precept of Christ, nor the case of true and primitive *Christianity*; except the martyrdoms, persecutions, and even voluntary sufferings of its earliest professors, were wars. If the author means to sanctify the dragooning of Hugonots, and the bloody rage, with which the depravations of *Christianity* have been enforced, by making God the author and approver of such for the cause of the Church, we apprehend the sentiment itself to be essentially irreligious, and consequently inconsistent with the nature of his subject."

• The *Monthly Reviewers* here lay down their own *plan*, whence they never have deviated: that of exhibiting no plan of any Author, whose work they resolve to insinuate

*A mighty maze of walks, without a plan;*

and of prepossessing their docile Readers, against any specimen the Judges may contrive to select, from whatever performance the said equitable Judges have predestined to damnation.

The reason assigned in the first sentence, for their tender inclination to have passed over this version, is precisely  
that,



that, which would have moved common critics to the contrary; had they wished justice, and seen it denied, to Racine, or to his cause. Worthy therefore of the thought is the accuracy of its expression. *The name and intention — would incline us to have passed over —* meaning, however wisely *— would have inclined us to pass over —*

It will easily be owned, that the Translator may, in a new Edition, make various little improvements, on a juvenile versification of above thirty years standing. The *Reviewers* could italify *progrès* and *run*; but they could not tell, that, of the former quotation, the third line were perhaps better,

*Hears not thy voice, or not thy voice obeys;*  
in the fifth, *goods* might be *joys*; in the eleventh, *resource* *recourse*; and the last, less literally,

*Him known, I better shall contemplate Thee.*  
that, of the other, the second couplet might, more elegantly, become,

*Those grand reverses, which the vulgar mind  
May stile the pastimes of the goddess blind;*  
and that the last might suffer nothing by a change into  
*Our hates, our wars; her glory but enhance :  
To tell her tale, will prove what I advance.*

As to the doctrine, were it not the first principle of the *Reviewers* to love darkness, rather than light; and to deny their contented Readers the very mention of any *Comment*, by which a hated bard might plead his own cause; they would have quoted, from Racines copious Notes:

“ *The crush of empires &c.* When we consider with M. Bossuet, all the events of the world in this point of view, Universal History becomes the history of Religion. *All empires, says he, have concurred to the good of that religion, and the glory of God; who hath made use of them, to chastise or exercise, to extend or protect his people.*”

and a little after:

“ Polybius and Plutarch acknowledged themselves, that the progress of the Romans was not the effect of a blind fortune,

tune, but of a divine providence. M. Bossuet makes us observe it; and Origen had before him made the same reflexion, upon that universal empire in the time of Jesus Christ. The commerce of so many nations, before strangers to each other, and afterwards united under the Roman dominion; was one of the most powerful means used by God, to hasten the progress of the gospel."

To the humble Readers of the *Monthly*, no original can be of much more use than to their Guides: but to any of ours, who may not have the Author at hand; his own words best will show, what justice has been done them.

*Qui te pourra, grand Dieu ! méconnaître à tes traits ?  
 Tu nous parles partout : mais les hommes distraits  
 N'écoutent point la voix, qui frappe leurs oreilles.  
 L'univers devant nous étale tes merveilles ;  
 Et nos yeux, qu'à la terre attachent tes bienfaits,  
 Trop charmés d'eux, vers toi ne remontent jamais.  
 Quelque maître nouveau sans cesse nous entraîne,  
 Et d'objets en objets notre ame se promène,  
 Tandis que de toi seul nous restons séparés.  
 Quel crime, quelle erreur nous a donc égarés ?  
 Nos malheurs, ô mon Dieu ! seraient-ils j. n. ressource ?  
 Sondons leur profondeur, remontons à leur source.  
 Que l'homme maintenant se présente à mes yeux,  
 Quand je l'aurai connu, je te connaîtrai mieux.*

#### CHANT IV.

*Les empires détruits, les trônes renversés ;  
 Les champs couverts de morts, les peuples dispersés ;  
 Et tous ces grands revers, que notre erreur commune  
 Croit nommer justement les jeux de la fortune,  
 Sont les jeux de celui, qui, maître de nos cœurs,  
 A ses desseins secrets fait servir nos fureurs ;  
 Et, de nos passions réglant la folle ivresse,  
 De ses projets par elle accomplit la sagesse.  
 Les conquérants n'ont fait, par leur ambition,  
 Que hâter les progrès de la religion.*

*Nos*



*Nos haines, nos combats ont affermi sa gloire :  
C'est le prouver assez, que conter son histoire.*

Whatever may have been the imperfections of the Version, and the opinions (real or pretended) of the *Reviewers*; the Authors fame was already far above their reach, and the Translator had, among others, these early consolations:

Extract of a Letter from a Clergyman of Norwich, to a late well-known Astronomer at London; dated Jan. 28, 1754.

“ Dear Mr. FERGUSON,

I must confess I have received both your obliging letters; the former, dated November 10 (which I have often intended to answer) the other Decem. 31. together with a most excellent *Poem*, for the pleasure of which, I am endebted to *Racine*, *Elphinston*, and *yourself*—I certainly am much delighted with the *Poem*. I confess, when I found *Racine* molding himself so entirely at first by my Favorite *Pascal*; it gave me a very advantageous idea of him; and he has well answered my expectations. The Thoughts truly are *grand*; many of them (like *Pascals* own) *extraordinary* and *out of the common road*. Yet, like all other noble and great things, when once discovered, they appear perfectly just and natural. But truly, these Sentiments sometimes ly so deep, and crowd so very *close*, that it requires great attention and review, before one takes the Authors spirit. Without those admirable Notes on each Canto, many beauties had been lost, which now appear; and, by these Notes, all obscurity is taken away. I return you many thanks for so gratefull a present. It will be my endeavor to propagate the book, both for Mr. Elphinstons *sake*; to whom my hearty thanks and ready services in every form, to my power; and also for *its own sake*, as what appears to me, to be calculated to answer very noble and usefull purposes. I shall be sorry if the ingenious and generous Translator should, in the least, suffer by so good an attempt.”

B

and,

and, in a letter, from the same to the same, bearing date March 28, 1754

“ I beg you'll present my respectfull services to Dr. S. and also to your ingenious friend Mr. Elphinston. I wish the poem he has translated, may meet with the deserved encouragement.”

An Epistle, if shorter, from the Author of *The Universal Passion*, and of *The Night-Thoughts*; was a no less pleasing Newyearsgift to Mr. Elphinston himself.

“ S I R,

I much thank you for the favour of your usefull and excellent book. I think it is well translated: but were it worse done, it would be of service to Religion; which I am perswaded is your principal view. God Almighty prosper your commendable efforts in it.

I am, Sir,

your sincere wellwisher

January 1st, and faithfull humble servant

1754.

E. YOUNG.”

That Dr. Young should pronounce differently, from the learned Doctors of the Monthly Review, can be no great matter of wonder; but to be censured by the same Judges, in the same month, with that venerable Bard, must prove additionally gratifying at once to Elphinston and Racine. In April 1754 therefore we find the following article.

“ *The Relief; or Day-thoughts: a poem: occasioned by the Complaint, or, Night-thoughts.*

“ Tho' there is little order or regularity in this poem; and, in some parts of it, no great harmony in the numbers; yet it will give every considerate reader pleasure, on account of the many excellent sentiments it contains, and the spirit it breathes. The poet's design is to call off the thoughts of his readers from *tombs, churchyards, tolling midnight-*



*midnight-clocks, from sable bearfes, nodding plumes, and all the dismal pageantry of death; to the contemplation of such objects as are naturally adapted to gladden the human heart, and which the kind hand of our beneficent Creator has spread around us with such rich profusion. The author is publickly said to be Mr Henry \* Jones, author of the Earl of Essex, a late new play, and other poetical pieces."*

Whoever was the author of the said *Relief*, the said *Reviewers* and their Disciples had probably the honor of being its onely Readers. But, that some Reviewers thought with Dr. Young, is demonstrable from the following concise, clear, and impartial account of *Religion*, in the *Gentlemans Magazine*, for December 1753.

" This poem is divided into six cantoes. In the first, the being of God is proved by an illustration of nature. In the second, the necessity of divine revelation is shown, by the insufficiency of reason to discover other principles of morals and religion. In the third, the truth of scripture is established upon the authority of prophecy, miracles, and the testimony even of its enemies. In the fourth, Christianity is confirmed and illustrated, by its prevalence over persecution. In the fifth, the objections against Christianity, as mysterious, are obviated; by showing, that there are difficulties in every system of deism equally insuperable by reason. And in the sixth, the indolent are stimulated to learn, and to practise the divine morals of the gospel; which are shown to enjoin no duty; to which, upon the principles of reason thus enlightened, the man of honor will not confess himself to be obliged.

" Such is the general plan of this work. The reputation of the original is too well established, to make a criticism necessary; and the last eight verses may serve as a specimen, of the translators ability to do justice to his author.

HOLY RELIGION! may my humble strain  
Sacred to thee, to that great day remain!  
To one blest Muse, who breaths thy glory, give  
With thee coeval that her name may live:

B 2

Her

\* A common bricklayer.

Her name——But what? ah! whither have I stray'd?  
 A heart entirely thine would pride invade?  
 Of each desire be thou the rule and guide!  
 And be thy glory all thy Poets pride.

This candid writer thought the original unnecessary. Since however it was given to the other two Specimens, the Reader may expect it to this.

SAINTE RELIGION! qu'à ta grandeur offerts,  
 Jusqu'à ce dernier jour puissent durer mes vers.  
 D'une Muse, toujours compagne de ta gloire,  
 Autant que tu vivras, fais vivre la mémoire.  
 La sienne! qu' ai-je dit? où vais-je m'égarer?  
 Dans un cœur, tout à Toi, l'orgueil veut-il entrer?  
 Sois de tous mes desirs la règle et l'interprète:  
 Et que ta seule gloire occupe ton poète.

The *Reviewers* reason worthily of themselves, and express themselves worthily of their reasoning, when they insinuate a doubt, whether *Religion* be a subject adapted for poetical display or disquisition. Poor Critics! who can no more read Scripture, than relish Pope, Young, or others, who have always soared most sublime, when boren upon the wings of Religion.

But, tho' the name of *Religion* brought little recommendation to the pious as enlightened Bench; it was the name of *Elphinston*, that drew the April-thunder on both *Religion* and *Racine*. War against *Religion* had the Printer (and Parent) of the *Monthly* declared, while yet she groaned under his press. The Translator had one fault, which he has not been able to mend: that of a near alliance to the said Printer. A few mutually unguarded words, on a slight occasion, kindled (or rather revived) in March 1754, a flame, which, alas! nine and twenty years have proved insufficient to extinguish. This unpleasing anecdote would not have been dragged into light, but as the certain source of all the spleen poured on the name of *Elphinston* (by either *Review*),



view), from April 1754 to this day. In the same fraternal Office, was the printing begun, of the Article, which, from the name of the Author, attracted the next fulmination.

“ *Monthly Review*: April 1756.

*The Analysis of the French and English Languages; with their roots and idioms: in two volumes.* By JAMES ELPHINSTON.

It was impossible for us to turn over these volumes, consisting of long columns of mere words, without recollecting these lines of Scaliger.

*Si quem dura manet sententia judicis, olim  
 Damnatum aerumnis, supplicisque caput;  
 Hunc neque fabrilis lassent ergastula massa,  
 Nec rigidas vexent fossa metalla manus.  
 Lexica contextat: nam caetera quid moror? omnes  
 Poenarum facies hic labor unus habet.*

This, indeed, is not properly a lexicon; but it is a work, that must have afforded as little entertainment to the author, as the driest dictionary of them all. He sets out with an essay on the rise, formation and mutual analogy of the French and English languages. From the beginning of this essay we shall transcribe a paragraph or two, which will at once give our Readers an idea of our Author's plan, and a specimen of his *surprising figurative sublimity of style*.

‘ Whatever may be the cause,’ says he, ‘ that the French and English tongues should here first meet in their primitives; this assemblage pleads other attractions, than those of novelty; when it exhibits, in grammatical as well as alphabetical order, the radical dictionary of both languages.’

‘ In order to compass that brevity, so essential to the usefulness of every design; all the words the same, or almost the same in both, have been studiously excluded this collection. Nor will it prove an unpleasing compensation, to investigate the analogy by which, with the sources whence, we draw.’

He then mentions the Gauls, Saxons, Danes, and Romans, as the first founders of our language, and proceeds in this *elegant* manner. ‘ If we consider indeed the nature of the French language, surely not the least beautiful, tho’ not the eldest daughter of the Latin, and formed upon the model of the Greek; the care with which she has been cultivated, and the perfection to which she is brought; we shall not wonder at her triumphs over polite, even as well as barbarous idioms, nor blush to own her the second founder of the English tongue.’

‘ That

‘ That the branches at home, and the roots from abroad,  
 ‘ may spring with equal and native facility ; the present col-  
 ‘ lection is not onely digested into the great classes of speech ;  
 ‘ but ranged according to the alphabet of affinity, which na-  
 ‘ ture, or rather natures Author, has, in the framing of lan-  
 ‘ guage laid down.

‘ The vowels surely claim a natural precedence of the let-  
 ‘ ters, which receive from them animation ; and which serve  
 ‘ but to articulate, or modify their sound. *I* and *y* are one  
 ‘ vowel, in different shape ; but not of promiscuous use. The  
 ‘ English *w* closes the vocal class ; with which it also seems  
 ‘ more connected than with the consonants : for with these,  
 ‘ tho’ conjunctive, it never combines ; nor is it ever proxy  
 ‘ or equivalent, to any other than a vowel. *H* the aspiration,  
 ‘ sometimes not so much, combinable with some consonants,  
 ‘ yet interchangeable with none, craves the honor of intro-  
 ‘ ducing them. As the first class of consonants, glide the  
 ‘ liquids along ; transmutable not onely with each other ;  
 ‘ but meltable sometimes into vowels, according to affinity,  
 ‘ transmutability, and gradation of sound.’

This, we imagine, will give some idea of this work : but what can the reader think of the following passage, taken from the 19th page of the first volume ? ‘ The likeness we  
 ‘ love to Latin, has been also promoted by dropping the *b* of  
 ‘ *char*, *chapon*, *chat*, in *car*, *capon*, *cat*,’ &c. What Mr. Elphinston intended to say, is not very difficult to discover ; but has he not expressed himself somewhat singularly ? This would be a trifling criticism on almost any other author ; but, as this Gentleman is writing professedly on Language, we think him scarce pardonable. However, the public may be somewhat obliged to him, for the great pains he must have taken ; and, in truth, his work might perhaps have been of some use, both to scholars and critics in the French and English languages, (so far as they are connected with each other), had it been put together with more order. But, for want of method in the arrangement of what it contains, the whole appears rather a confused mass, than a regular system of any thing.

Upon the whole, it seems very surprising, that a writer, who is treating on the nature and signification of words, in order to make them better understood, and to shew the analogy betwixt one language and another, could ever dream of instructing or entertaining any class of readers, whatever, by such whimsical jargon, as is contained in the following paragraphs, viz.

‘ But interjections main office is to paint sensation,  
 ‘ whether from within or without ; and to repeat sounds  
 ‘ compound as well as simple ; of which therefore the  
 ‘ images must be common, as their objects.

‘ Thus



‘ Thus vibration, or other regular return, produces universally such sounds as the English *tang-tang*, *dong-dong*; *ting-tong*, *ding-dong*; *tic-tac*, *cric-crac*, *clic-clac*, *flic-flac*, *thwic-thwac*, *snic-snac*, *smic-smac*, &c. from such the diminutive nouns *knic-nac*, or *nic-nac*, *whim-wham*, *chit-chat*, *rif-raff*, *slip-slop*; *spic-and-span*, &c.

‘ Of vocal vibration or undulation, Laughter bursts into *ba-ba*! Joy exults in *aba*! or *oh-ob*! Fatigue sighs in *heigh-bo*! Vociferation summons in *soho*! 2. *halo*! (perhaps from *hola*!) and Music trills or quavers her notes in *fa-la*, *tol-lol*, &c.

‘ So impetuous assailants fall on *pal-mal* (from *pêle-mêle*) or *slap-dash*, make the heart of the surprised go *pit-à-pat*, and their tongue cry *hey-day*, 1. or 2. *hoity-toity*! But now to the *hurry* all *fly* in a *flurry*. In the *hubbub*, or *lurly-burly* (from *burluberlu*) some stand *shill-I*, *shall-I*? or move *will-they*, 4. *nill they*; while others run *belter-skelter*, throw all things *biggledy-piggledy*, or turn them *topsy-turvy*, &c.”

So far the *Monthly Review*; on whose criticism, as usual, to the intelligent none, and to the rest few remarks need be made.

Twofold is here, as elsewhere, her object; to *throw darkness*, and *invite ridicule*: the former preparatory to the latter. For this purpose are her arts comparatively small and great. Among the small may be deemed her own *Italic* wit, to the exclusion of any quotations distinctive character: as, in the first *piece of period* quoted; *here first* and *radical dictionary*, were originally given to the eye with emphatic (because important) distinction. Another of the standing, tho’ inferior arts, is the transposal or transformation of a stop, or letter. This may indeed be ranked, because too minute for common observance, among the capital arts: for, while it totally alters or destroys the sense, (the steddly purpose!) so venial a sin, becomes almost a merit, in the glorious freedom of British typography. Thus page 13. antep. *polite*, even as——insted of *polite even*, as——which turns, perhaps a French idiom, into an English idiotism: so above, line 8. *ob-ob*! which must be allowed a *sad* change, of the joyous  
*oh-bo*!

*oh-bo!* But the grand arts of darknefs have none more conspicuously effective, than that of exhibiting figures, letters, or aught else peculiar to a work; and fuppreffing (if poffible) the indifpenfable explanation of fuch peculiarity.

Innocent of all Promethean art, the fhrewd *Monthly* does at firft brandifh fix lines of Scaligers fire; borrowed probably from the preface to Littletons Dictionary. With this twice-three-forked bolt does ſhe fulminate, at once, the Authors intolerable labor, and his impoffible entertainment. That he thence may reap the juſt fruits of every difappointment; the candid Reviewers quote an introductory paſſage; whence they cut off nothing but the *head*, *tail*, and *middle*; and then pronounce their Readers qualified (perhaps they honeſtly mean, as well as themſelves) to *form ſome idea of the work*. Whether the ſaid middle might be eſſential or not to their deſign; without the firſt and laſt paragraph of the preface, neither their Readers, nor the Readers of Ariſtotle, could decypher either the general plan, or the inſerted figures. That our Readers however may, without conjuration, be enabled to do both; here are reſupplied the two initial mutilations.

‘ As all languages, eſpecially the moſt regular, have  
 ‘ ſprung from a comparatively ſmall number of roots;  
 ‘ the onely method, at once complete and compendious,  
 ‘ of acquiring the whole ſtock of any tongue, muſt be to  
 ‘ collect its *roots*; to trace its manner of *ramification* and  
 ‘ *composition*; and to digeſt its *idioms* or proprieties.

‘ The obviousneſs of this truth having excited the labor  
 ‘ of learning to compile the roots of various ancient tongues;  
 ‘ it ſeems ſomewhat odd, that ſhe ſhould never have been  
 ‘ animated to any ſuch attempts for the modern. Whether  
 ‘ the ſuperior excellence of thoſe, have expoſed theſe to  
 ‘ neglect; or their greater regularity, promiſed more facility of fame; whether the languages, acquirable by rote,  
 ‘ have



' have as seldom been taught as studied with reason; the  
 ' learned disdaining cultivations, of which the learned  
 ' onely are capable: whether an unacquaintedness with sister,  
 ' or even with daughter-dialects, have hindered France  
 ' from interchanging her roots with her neighbors; while  
 ' she has so happily used every other method of propagating  
 ' her polished diction: or, whether Britain be not more  
 ' blamable for affording other countries so few helps to  
 ' the attaining of her tongue: whatever may be — page 13.  
 line 24.

The other demonstratively stifled elucidation, was this:

' As the different files cannot be marked with too much  
 ' precision, the first digit (1) notes the figurative; the  
 ' second (2) the familiar; the third (3) the file of law;  
 ' and the fourth (4) that of antiquity, or the almost obsolete.  
 ' A star (\*) in-fine points the onely phrase or phrases,  
 ' where the word in idiom is used.'

But the *Gentlemen of the Jury*, to whom the *Judge* appeals  
 on the shred cut from page 19th. must be as deep in the *dark*  
*art*, as himself; if either they apprehend the connexion, of  
 the question he is pleased to term a *criticism*; or if, from the  
 few words he thinks fit to bring forward, they can with his  
 Worship, think the Author *scarce pardonable* for the irrefra-  
 gable, as innocent asseveration.

Compound Interjection (from Vol. 1 page 203) furnished  
 the next fund of merriment; which learned ingenuity could  
 elicit, even from so inanimate a subject. As for the other Vo-  
 lume, containing onely the *Roots* of both Languages; with  
 the completest collection ever made, of the French Idioms  
 and Proverbs, not coincident with the English; all digested,  
 like every part of the former volume, in the lucid order of  
 Analogy; it was much wiser in the Judge not to mention  
 it at all, in his Charge to the Jury. It might have opened a  
 new Labyrinth, of still more dubious issue; nor could aught  
 well be added to the Enditement.

SEVEN years had the *Monthly* proceeded without a rival, when a similar swarm, from out her own bowels, settled against her in the *Critical*. Well might the new Court become formidable to the old; constituted as it was, not merely of similar, but of some identic members: all pursuing the same plan, as animated by the same spirit; and respectively possessing at least equal qualifications. Above all he, who had long been the Superintendant of one, became President of the other. Such delicacy indeed had he acquired in his connexion with the *Monthly Review*; that, as he never had known the Printer, and Principal, of the *Monthly*, betray the smallest partiality for a *brother*; he as stedfastly purposed, and has as steddily persevered, to defy every imputation of bias, even for a *friend*. Of this the first instance appeared on an occasion, which certainly claimed no criticism; and as certainly drew none.

“ *Critical Review*: April, 1757.

• *Memoirs for the History of Madame de Maintenon and of the last age. Translated from the French, by the Author of the Female Quixote.*

‘ The more we examine this woman in the several periods and different situations of her life, the less we shall doubt that she was a saint, and almost a heroine. Her Memoirs are entertaining and instructive: they contain many new and pleasing anecdotes, not improperly introduced. There are, in the three first volumes, some errors of the press, which people more partial and severe would perhaps lay to the door of the Translator; for whose merits we have a great respect; and we should much rather have seen her name affixed to the translation of the pieces of poetry scattered through the work, than that of *Elphinston*; to which, from this specimen of ingenuity, we cannot pay any great regard.’

This stile, beneath all profundity, rises onely to the level of the concluding sentiment. People more partial and se-

vere



were would perhaps lay to the door of the Translator — and we should much rather have seen — than — Elphinston! Large however had been their quotations from the work they wished to recommend: of the poetical passages they cited not one, for fear of also recommending a name, which they resolved to fulminate. That the name however of the ingenious Translatress may suffer as little as possible, for the honor she was pleased to do that of Elphinston; since the *Critical Review* found itself obliged to blame one, in order to seize the first opportunity of branding the other, without showing cause; it proves justice to all parties, to exhibit the whole concern the name of *Elphinston* had, in the merit or demerit of the five volumes.

Vol. I. P. 26. When Monsieur de Candale showed the king of Navarre, but six years old, raising a cannon by the help of a little machine; Monsieur d'Aubigné wrote in M. de Candales pocket-book the following distic:

*Non isthaec, Princeps, Regem tractare doceto;  
Sed doctâ regni pondera ferre manu.*

Not these, O Prince, instruct a King to wield:  
But rather the enormous weight of reign.

——80. When old d'Aubigné told his young bride that he was condemned to dy, she replied calmly: 'Love is a greater power than the king of France.' D'Aubigné thanked her thus:

*Quand d'Aubigné se vit un corps sans tête,  
Il maria son tronc pâle et hideux;  
Très-assuré qu'une femme bienfaite  
Aurait-assez de tête pour tous deux.*

When old Aubigné lost his head,  
His body he thought fit to wed;  
Well judging that a buxom fair  
Had head enough, for both, to spare.

— 155. Giles Boileaus epigram to Scaron, against his Lady.

*Vois, sur quoi ton erreur se fonde,  
Scaron ! de croire que le monde  
Te va voir pour ton entretien.  
Quoi ! ne vois-tu pas, grosse bête,  
Si tu grattais un peu de tête,  
Que tute devinerais bien ?*

That people prefs to hear thy prate,  
Thy folly would incline :  
But onely scratch thy shallow pate,  
And thou'lt the cause divine.

— 157. Scarons return to Giles Boileau.

*Avec Iris je n'ai rien de commun !  
D'autres l'ont dit ; mais c'est tout un :  
Et j'en rirai, si bon me semble.  
Mais ce que tout le monde et moi,  
Nous avons de commun ensemble,  
C'est de croire aussi vrai qu'un article de foi ;  
Qu'un honnête homme et toi,  
Vous n'avez rien qui se ressemble.*

Iris and I have nought alike !  
A joke, which, tho' not new, may strike,  
Myself shall join, if I think fit ;  
As who would not with so much wit ?  
But I and all, in one agreed,  
Must hold it certain as our creed ;  
That, a gentleman and thee,  
In one shape we ne'er shall see.

Monfieur Scaron, who in his epistle of thanks to Made-  
moifelle de Scudery, calls Madame Scaron,

*Celle, par qui le Ciel foulage son malheur ;  
Digne d'un autre époux, comme d'un fort meilleur.*



The dame, whom Heaven has sent to sooth his fate,  
Deserves, to sooth her own, another mate.

could never have been guilty (thinks our Author) of the  
following verses, every way inapplicable to Madam Scaron.

*Je vous ai donné des bijoux ;*

*Collet, robe, et jupe :*

*Enfin, jamais dupe*

*N'a tant fait pour vous.*

*Monsieur, votre frere,*

*A fait de grands repas :*

*Vos seurs, et votre mere,*

*Ont eu de bons ducats,*

*Que je ne compte pas.*

*Je vous ai promenée aux champs :*

*Souvent à ma porte,*

*Soit que j'entre ou sorte,*

*Je vois vos marchands.*

*Et pour porter à l'aise,*

*Votre chien de C——*

*Tous les jours une chaise*

*Coûte un bel écu,*

*A moi, pauvre cocu !*

More gowns and smocks I gave,

Your nakedness to hide ;

And toys, than ever slave

To poverty and pride.

The worthy squire, your brother,

Has had his treats untold :

To sisters, and to mother,

I have my duckets dol'd.

Even in the green retreat,

If there your fancy runs ;

Which way I go, I meet

Your dealers, or your duns.

And

And then, again in town,  
 Your lazy bones to bear;  
 Your cuckold, with a crown,  
 Must daily find a chair.

——173. Upon losing Scaron, his lady (proceeds the author) might say with Monimia:

*Et veuve maintenant, sans avoir eu d'époux.*

And now a widow, who have had no spouse.

——192. Madam Scaron to the abbé Tetu, who had compared her to a jailer, sent the following verses:

*Ah! l'ingrat, le maudit métier,  
 Que le métier de geoliere!  
 Il faut être barbare et fier:  
 Il faut faire enrager un pauvre prisonnier.*

*Non: ce n'est pas là ma maniere.  
 Tous ceux, qui sont dans mes liens,  
 D'eux-mêmes sont venus s'y rendre.  
 Je n'ai pas cherché les moyens,  
 De leur plaire, ou de les surprendre.*

*Prison ou liberté——je leur donne à choisir;  
 Je le dis donc, sans être vaine;  
 Je prends mes captifs sans plaisir,  
 Et je fais les garder sans peine.*

Ah! cursed jailer-trade!  
 Where all the brute must aid  
 To make a pris'ner mad.  
 No: that was ne'er my way.  
 The slaves, that own my sway,  
 Have chose the chains they had.

Disdaining all decoy,  
 (I say it, nor am vain:)  
 I catch them without joy,  
 And guard them without pain.

Madame



Madame de Richelieu, compared to a shopkeeper, these :

*La marchande au Palais se pique,  
D'avoir tout du plus beau chez soi.  
Moi, je n'étale rien : mais mon je ne fais quoi  
Fait qu'on accourt à ma boutique.*

The trading dame will boast,  
Of having all that's fine ;  
In hopes to make the most :  
But no such art is mine.  
No trumpery I've got,  
The passing eye to stop :  
But my — I know not what,  
Accustoms thus my shop.

Mademoiselle d'Aumale, compared to a tinker, this stanza :

*Le métier que je fais, est assez difficile ;  
Et ne rapporte que très-peu.  
Je soude assurément en fort honnête fille :  
Mais on ne peut souder sans feu.*

My trade is hard, no doubt ;  
Nor claims an ample hire.  
Full honestly I clout ;  
But cannot without fire.

Madam Scaron, on a party of pleasure, which produced none :

*Six personnes brûlant du desir de se voir,  
Après s'être cherchés, se trouverent un soir,  
Dans un bois sombre et solitaire.  
Que leur plaisir fut grand ! il passa leur espoir.  
Mais, après les transports du salut ordinaire,  
Ils ne surent que dire, et ne surent que faire.*

Six persons burnt to meet,  
And meet they did at last ;  
All in a lone retreat :  
Enjoyment hope surpass.

But

But the first transports o'er, they knew  
Nor what to say, nor what to do.

For the abbé Têtu, she made this epitaph:

*Ci-gît un abbé froid et sec,  
Dont la vigueur fut endormie.  
Dans les derniers temps de sa vie,  
Il ne lui restait que le bec,  
Dont il becquetait son amie.*

A snarling abbat lies here-under,  
Whose character may waken wonder.  
In latter moments of his life,  
(Tho' he could never boast a wife ;)  
When nought remain'd him, but his bill ;  
He peckt a friend, a female still.

And this for the duke of Richelieu.

*Ci-gît Armand : l'Amour, pour faire piece aux belles,  
Lui donna son souris, son caquet, et ses ailes.*

Here lies Armand, to whom, for female stings,  
Love lent his smile, his prattle, and his wings.

where the name would become English by transposition of  
place and strefs.

Here Armand lies :—

On the sign of a Magdalen, that resembled the abbé Têtu,  
Madame Scaron produced these stanzaes :

*Est-ce pour flatter ma peine,  
Que dans un vieux cabaret,  
Croyant voir la Madelaine,  
Je trouve vôtre portrait ?  
La marque d'amour me touche,  
J'en aime la nouveauté:  
On vous a fait femme et louche,  
Sans nuire à la vérité.*



Is it then to sooth my pain,  
 That thy portrait meets my eye;  
 Magdalen no more in chain,  
 To invite the passers by?  
 Loving glances must endear,  
 I am fond of what is new:  
 Thou hast got a female leer,  
 Nor in this offend'st the true.

Vol. II. 281. Boileaus compliment to Lewis XIV.

*L'univers sous ton regne a-t-il des malheureux?*

Can aught be wretched, where a Lewis reigns?

III. 29. Mademoiselle Bernards verses to M. Mignard, on his pictures of Lewis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon.

*Oui, v6tre art, je l'avoue, est au dessus du mien.*

*J'ai lou6 mille fois n6tre invincible ma6tre:*

*Mais vous, en deux portraits, vous le faites conna6tre.*

*On voit ais6ment dans le sien,*

*Sa valeur, son coeur magnanime:*

*Dans l'autre, on voit son go6t 6 placer son estime.*

*Ah, Mignard! que vous louez bien!*

Your art surpasses mine, I own;

I've oft our matchless master prais'd:

But, in two portraits, you have shown,

What ne'er my noblest numbers rais'd.

His valor *that*, and mighty mind,

To each enraptur'd eye displays;

His taste *this*, and esteem refin'd.

How delicate your pencils praise!

—97. The inscription on the gold-cross, sent by the Ladies of Saint-Cyr, to Madame de Maintenon:

*Elle est n6tre guide fidele:*

*N6tre f6licit6 vient d'elle.*

Behold our faithfull guide!

Whence all our bliss and pride.

—— 139. Compliment to the Foundress of Saint Cyr.

*Elle voit les honneurs avec indifférence :  
Son cœur de vains desirs n'est jamais combattu.  
Sa maison même de plaisance,  
Est une école de vertu.*

With vain desires her bosom never beat :  
To vulgar honors she continues cool.  
Her very pleasure-seat  
Is sacred Virtues school.

—— 148. Passages from Racines Esther, relative to the subject :

—— to Madame de Maintenon.

*Sans doute on t'a conté la fameuse disgrâce  
De l'altière Vashti, dont j'occupe la place ;  
Comment le roi, contre elle enflammé de dépit,  
La chassa de son trône, ainsi que de son lit.  
Mais il n'en put si-tôt effacer la pensée :  
Vashti regna long-temps dans son ame offensée.*

The dire disgrace, thou doubtless hast been told,  
Of haughty Vashti, whose high place I hold ;  
How the great King, indignant to have wed,  
Debas'd her from his throne, and from his bed.  
But, o'er his heart, he no such conquest gain'd :  
Long in that place of torment Vashti reign'd.

—— to M. de Louvois.

*Il fait qu'il me doit tout, &c.*

To me he knows his all is due, &c.

—— to Father de la Chaise.

*Et l'enfer, couvrant tout de ses voiles funebres,  
Sur les yeux, les plus saints, a jeté ses ténèbres.  
Hell, with her dismal vails o'ercasting all,  
On holiest eyes has made her darkness fall.*

—— to



——to the King.

*De ta gloire animé, lui seul de tant de rois,  
S'arme pour ta querelle, et combat pour tes droits : &c.*  
Him onely, of the kings, thy glory fires :  
For thee he arms, and for thy cause aspires. &c.  
*Baiser avec respect le parvis de tes temples.*  
With rev'rence to salute thy sacred courts.

——to the King and Madame :

*Je ne trouve qu'en vous je ne fais quelle grace,  
Qui me charme toujours, et jamais ne me lasse :  
De l'aimable vertu doux et puissants attrails !*  
In you alone I must a grace admire,  
Which ever charms me, and can never tire :  
Of lovely Virtue sweet resistless pow'r !  
*Oui, vos moindres discours ont des graces secretes :  
Une noble pudeur, à tout ce que vous faites,  
Donne un prix, que n'ont point ni la pourpre, ni l'or.*  
Yes, secret sweets your ev'ry word pursue :  
A gen'rous blush, enhancing all you do,  
Reflects a luster far above the throne ;  
A pomp to purple or to gold unknown.  
*Et le roi, trop crédule, a signé cet édit.*  
And so the cred'lous king the edict sign'd.  
*On peut, des plus grands rois, surprendre la justice.*  
The greatest, justest, kings may be deceiv'd.

——156. From Racines *Atbalie*.

*Elle flotte, elle hésite : en un mot, elle est femme.*  
She wavers, hesitates ; is woman still.

—165. From a Cantata of Racine, composed for Saint-Cyr.

*Mon Dieu ! quelle guerre cruelle !  
 Je trouve deux hommes en moi.  
 L'un veut que, plein d'amour pour toi,  
 Je te sois sans cesse fidele :  
 L'autre, à tes volontés rebelle,  
 Me soulève contre ta loi.*

My God ! what cruel strife !  
 I find two men in me.  
 One, full of love and life,  
 Would faithfull prove to thee :  
 The other, rebel to thy will,  
 Against thy law excites me still.

—168. Boileau, in his satire on women, says however that he knew one,

*Humble dans les grandeurs, sage dans la fortune ;  
 Qui gémit, comme Esther, de la gloire importune.*  
 In grandeur, humble ; and, in hight, sedate ;  
 Who groans, like Esther, under glorious weight.  
 whose maxim it was,

*Qu'à l'église jamais, devant le Dieu jaloux,  
 Un fastueux carreau soit vu sous ses genoux.*

That ne'er, at Church, the jealous God should see  
 A pompous cushion sink beneath her knee.

—211. Epigram on the new knights of the Holy Ghost.

*Le roi, que sa bonté réduit à mille épreuves,  
 Pour soulager les chevaliers nouveaux ;  
 En a dispensé vingt de porter des manteaux,  
 Et trente de faire des preuves.*

The king, whose bounty tries each care,  
 How best to ease the upstart-knights ;  
 Allows a score no clokes to wear,  
 A score and ten to bring no rights.



IV. 226. Two lines of a tragedy satirically applied to Madame de Maintenon :

*Qu'eut-elle, pour monter au rang d'impératrice ?  
Un peu d'attraits peut-être, et beaucoup d'artifice.*

What had she, to assume th' imperial part ?

A few attractions, and a world of art.

Of the former of which last the Printer had indeed spoiled the measure, by a false elision in

What had she t' assume &c.

as he had the grammar of another by printing *thou has* for *thou hast* ; and the rime of a third, by adding a final *s* to — her bosom never beat. p. 26. l. 6.

What the *Monthly* opined, on the Female Quixote and her friend ; has no more reached the ears of Fame, than how or whether the *Critical* proved a match for the *Monthly*, of May 1759. who darted such a flash, as perhaps never was equalled, but by one from the same *Review*, of ill-fated April 1754. To begin with the latter ; a similarly fixpenny article :

“ *The Madman*, a satire.

‘ A raving rhapsody, justly intimated in the title-page, to be the product of a crazy poet : but there seems no room to suppose, with Festus, that much learning hath made him mad.’

Tho’ the profound Critic has unimaginably detected no other than St. Paul the author of this satire ; he does not join Festus, in ascertaining the cause of the Culprits madness. As neither does he recommend the poem to a place in the sacred Canon, it seems not to have attracted equal curiosity, or even equal criticism, with the great Apostles other writings. Be this as it may, the *Monthly’s* Readers durst no more look at it, than at another little article of perhaps like size, if not like kind,

“ *Monthly Review* : May, 1759.

‘ *A Hymn after Sore-Eyes : composed on Easter-day.*’

‘ The unfortunate Author of these unhappy Verses, seems to labour under a worse disorder than that of sore eyes.

His

His friends, we hope, will take care of him, and see that he does no greater mischief than spoiling a little paper."

In the subject or execution the sagacious and humane Judges smelt a name, to which, in April 1754, they had breathed a peculiar goodwill. See page 5. There however they gave a prefulminated and postfulminated Specimen. Here nought is visible, but the bright benignity of the fulmination. Their Readers must not know, that the whole wild work runs thus:

To Thee, exhaustless Source of Light!

Mine humblest, highest, praise be paid,  
For this thy gift regiv'n of sight,  
When struggling Art confess't thine aid.

Mine eyes, unvail'd, adore thy reign  
Benignant to the sons of men!  
May but my carol not profane  
The marvels, that amaze my ken.

By pride when rebel-angels fell,  
The vacant heavenly thrones to fill,  
Thy goodness dain'd (let Rapture tell!)  
Ours 'mid the wanting worlds to will.

Thine eldest word, from Natures womb,  
Earths dormant embryo understood:  
*Be light!* and Light, from out the gloom,  
Display'd her elements were good.

I see the vast Expanse extend,  
Where finer fluids lightly ride;  
See human hopes\*, unhop'd, depend,  
Exalted from the vulgar tide.

The floods, disparting, own thy pow'r;  
Young Earth erects her brow serene:  
Adorn'd with herb, and fruit, and flow'r,  
She glads my eyes with ev'ry green.

Of

\* *His paths* (the clouds) *drop fatness*.



Of light and heat hail, center'd Sire!

Who seem't to circle circling spheres:

Hail, silver-Queen! and ev'ry Fire,

That reckon days, and months, and years!

All fair-attemper'd to produce

Each species of each living kind;

Behold of ev'ry rank and use,

That wanton in the wave or wind!

And now I climb the arduous scale,

Of rising instinct round the ball;

From atoms, where my optics fail,

To Man, by reason lord of all!

Reason! that blest precarious boon,

Which man just not to angel rais'd;

But which, abus'd, must sink him soon,

Far more below the brute debas'd.

Yet nought the beauty, nought the bliss,

Thy love has o'er creation pour'd;

Nought is Creations self to this,

That to thy very Self has tow'r'd!

What are the visual vails withdrawn,

Or what the scenes of night and day;

To Him, who chas'd this blessed dawn,

To beam our mental mist away?

That wond'rous Child, from Virgin sprung,

Who fill'd the aged ears with aw!

That masterly, untutor'd, tongue,

Which maz'd the learned in the law!

A second birth! how strange a strain!

A second love who dare pretend?

Can sons of pleasure covet pain?

Can Spirit e'er with Flesh contend?

How

How high the lowly, rich the poor !  
 What rapture 'tis to kiss the rod !  
 To Sense, 'tis contradiction sure ;  
 To Reason, 'tis the word of God.

One particle assembles all  
 The bliss below, and bliss above :  
 That charming particle we call  
 Unbounded, yet adapted——Love !

Hail, new Creation ! theme sublime  
 For who conceive but what they see ;  
 Who place Eternity in time,  
 And bound in space Immensity !

All Nature hears the Voice divine :  
*Be still*, and still the tempests ly ;  
 The loaves enlarge, the water's wine ;  
 Disease, and Death, and Demons fly !

Hail Love, that Deity brought down,  
 The onely friend of creature-foes ;  
 Who stoop't to man, faln man to crown :  
 For man he liv'd, he di'd, he rose.

Hail, mighty Advocate of ours,  
 Who sent'st such solace to our pain ;  
 To shed thy graces, and thy pow'rs ;  
 To hallow and mature thy reign !

With Angels then, of each degree ;  
 Let each degree of Humans\* raise,  
 Glad voice to hymn the Majesty,  
 Whose glories Heaven and Earth emblaze !

Then to the SIRE, and SON, and DOVE ;  
 One Holy, Holy, Holy Three ;  
 The spring of light, and life, and love ;  
 All kingdom, pow'r, and glory be !

Whether

\* Poetic, for *mortals*, like the French *humains*.



Whether this Poem was honored, or not, with the cognifance of the *Critical*; has not been duly afcertained. But, had it attracted the notice of that humane, as ingenious Tribunal; the *Monthly* would not alone have fo tenderly commended the Author, or fo piously cautioned the Public. Of doing however this double duty, both bleffed Benches had ere long a far more important opportunity; which neither could with honor decline. The elder afferted her right of founding priorly the ironic trumpet; which the younger fifter faithfully ecchoed in the month following.

*Monthly Review*: February, 1763. *Education, in four books*:  
by James Elphinfon.

It hath long been a fubject of complaint, that School-Mafters in general, however verfed in language and fcience, are greatly deficient in point of tafte and ingenuity; and more particularly, in that knowledge of human life and manners, which is neceffary to give a liberal turn to Education. It appears to be the intention of our Author, therefore, to diftinguifh himfelf from the herd of Pedagogues, and at once to fhew the world *the delicacy of his tafte, the fublimity of his genius, and his profound knowledge of mankind.*

Happy is it for all Parents in South-Britain, that they may now know where to fend their children, without running any danger of being impofed on, by the pretentions of ignorance or impudence, by the pompous advertisements of the affuming, or the partial recommendations of the illiterate. Lucky is it alfo, for the fondled Youths of this metropolis, that they need not be fend above a mile or two out of town, to play at hide-and-feek with the nine Mufes, and have a game of hop-fotch even with Apollo himfelf—But, to let the work fpeak for its Author.

From the modelt fimplicity of the title, our Readers might poffibly conceive it to be a mere didactic performance, and that even of the lowelt, the profaic, kind. We are to acquaint them, however, that it is a narrative and defcriptive, and even in fome fenfe a dramatic, as well as a didactic piece; that, inftead of being written in groveling profe, it is heightened by the force of numbers, and embellifhed with the moft fingular graces of poetry. In juftice, therefore, to our Bard, as well as out of regard to the importance of the fubject; we fhall juft give a fketeh of his design, with fome few fpecimens of the *mafterly* manner, in which it is executed.

E

The

The Poet begins his first book with relating how EDUCATION (who, by a beautiful figure in rhetoric, is here elegantly personified) went about in search of a *site*, or proper place in the neighbourhood of London, for settling herself, and her darling son, in some good house, at the head of a Boarding-School; the rebuffs she met with in this peregrination being very satirically and feelingly related. The first person she addressed on this occasion, we are told, was a Lord; by the sequel, however, it appears it could only have been a Lord Mayor, this sagacious personage telling her, among other things, that

The Lawyers Latin is not taught at School,  
Nor Doctors hi'roglyphics learnt by rule.

He admits, indeed, that

To read, and write, and cypher all must know;  
Whate'er they purpose, or where'er they go:  
The three great arts, by which may soon become  
A son of Commerce parent of a Plum.  
To dance, and fence, and draw complete the plan;  
And talking French sublimes the Gentleman.

He objects, however, to the expediency of Literature; and shrewdly asks her,

Who would in musty mines of learning dig,  
That can go Midshipman, or Guinea-pig?

To all which, with more to the same purpose, he adds,

Thus have you seen how well we do without you:  
So, learned Madam, you may look about you.

A second personage, who, by his bluntness, seems to have been a Citizen too, sends her packing also, with a flea in her ear, full as abruptly.

Soon to another as she told her name,  
Her occupation, and for what she came;  
Mistress, I see, and see without reproach,  
Your feet your horses, or a stage your coach.  
But, tho' your tongue is smooth enough, and tho'  
You may be what you say, for aught I know;  
Is't possible that you should e'er pretend  
To ask my premises for such an end?  
I speak it without pride—nay, do not stare:  
They've serv'd an Alderman, and might a May'r.  
I'd recommend, were any such hard by,  
An empty barn, old stable, or a sty.

Our Wanderer next meets with a certain Squire, who offers her an old mansion, on a repairing lease. This, however, not answering her purpose, she strolls about, till she fixes on a most charming place, indeed!

Where



Where beauteous Flora with Pomona vi'd,  
To sow, and plant, and prune, and educate their pride.

Here, therefore, by the advice of Vertumnus, whom she happened to meet in one of the adjoining fields, she determined to fix her temporary abode; with a view only, as it appears, to initiate her favourite in the mysteries of her art. For, she observes to him,

—— if trees to rear,  
Pomona's sons must serve a seven-long year;  
So here must thou, my nobler art to reach:  
He that would teach to learn, must learn to teach.  
Train'd to my lore, the term expir'd shall see  
Thee worthier of a site, a site more worthy thee.

Some superficial Critics have objected against the propriety of a man's setting up an academy of his own, in order to acquire the knowledge of teaching; pretending that he should have put himself apprentice to the Master of some other school. But they do not consider, that Mrs. Pedia, or Education herself, took both the Master and Scholars under her peculiar direction; so that what these Witlings advance, about the Scholars being at first sacrificed to the experiment, like poor Patients in an hospital, is groundless. Let this, however, have been as it may, Pedia having established her son, and made a short prayer for his success, proceeds to lay down her rules for the tuition and instruction of youth.

In the beginning of book the second, she gives some cautions, in regard to the Education of the fair sex; and then proceeds to discuss the point, whether a public or private Education be the most eligible; preferring the former, on account of the emulation which prevails in one, and is wanting in the other. In the warmth of her zeal, indeed, she passes the highest encomium on the good effect of her *whetter*, EMULATION, of which we shall specify only the following simile.

So minds maturer vy in lifes career,  
By hope incited, or allay'd by fear.  
Each passes, each as thou inflam'st their soul,  
Till, mutually sublim'd, they reach the goal.  
Nor stopst thou there—but fir'st the heavenly host,  
Who shall still higher hymn Sire, Son, and Holy Ghost.

But Pedia proceeds:

Yet not each youthful throng, yclept a school,  
Has seen my charmer, or confest my rule.  
Unnumber'd schools have fill'd, nay fill'd the faster,  
That neither she nor I e'er knew the Master.  
Some critics eye the polity and state;  
The dame that nurses, and the slaves that wait.

Some scan the mansion, or survey the lands;  
 Each minding most, what most each understands:  
 While others go a schooling, as a shopping,  
 With no more view than children go a hopping.

Mrs. Pedia is, indeed, particularly severe on such capricious parents as go a school-hunting, without knowledge or judgment to direct them in their choice. While they knew no better, however, we cannot but think they were in some degree excusable. But as Education herself hath now condescended to direct them, we must deem them unpardonable, for the future, if they hesitate a moment to send their darling sons to hers. The lash of her severity next falls on those unqualified Pedagogues, who take upon themselves the important task of Education without her leave, and affect to retail her precepts, though they know nothing of the matter.

In system'd song I ne'er was tun'd before,  
 Though without me no Genius e'er could soar.  
*Milton* disdain'd me not; but, had he sung,  
 My name, with *Eve's*, around the world had rung.  
 As bird-catchers pretend to skill in birds,  
 So boy-catchers announce my art in words;  
 Nor onely words: to their, not my disgrace;  
 Many have daub'd, who never saw my face.

It is, doubtless, a pity, that such a subject should not have been tuned in system'd song before, and, indeed, sung to some tune too. This, however, may have been only the effect of negligence; and, we hope, is now amply compensated. But as to those ungracious Pedagogues, who could be guilty of such a pitiful trick as to come behind a Lady and daub her face; we know not what to say to them, as in truth we do not understand the meaning of such dirty doings.

The remainder of this book is employed in recommending the philosophy of tops and balls, and celebrating the scholastic exercises of fives, taw, cricket, hustlecap, and shuttle-cock.

In book the third, Education continues her injunctions, authorizing her chosen Preceptors, in case fair means will not do, to call in the aid of Mrs. Birch, or the Ferula, and to proceed to flagellation. Of this, however, it cannot be said she does not give the Pupils fair warning.

What fascination binds the stubborn crew?  
 Or what idolatry, ye rebels, you?  
 If neither hope, nor honour, virtue's spur,  
 Can prompt your pleasure, or prevent demur;  
 If to bland Reason's voice ye will not yield,  
 Know that your Lord reluctant arms shall wield,  
 And from my fane expel you by the rod.

Pedia



Pedia next proceeds to excite the emulation of both Tutors and Pupils, by recording the merit of the most celebrated Geniuses of ancient and modern times.

Book the fourth, opens with a solemn benediction, intimating, that the united abilities of all those ancient and modern Worthies should be displayed in her favourite son, and make him capable of forming the Artist, the Merchant, the Sailor, the Soldier, the Physician, the Lawyer, the Statesman, and the Divine. The precepts that follow, are accordingly more particularly addressed to Mr E——, and are apparently calculated for his emolument; being adapted to the several kinds of Pupils, that may come under his care: to all of whom literature and science are declared in some degree necessary: so that even of the SAILOR she says,

Cast him not letterless on Neptune's care:  
For, who so fails a Cub, returns a Bear.

Education now gives a sketch of the several characters just enumerated; we shall quote only a few lines from the first and last. Of the ARTIST it is said,

He rests not in effect, but scans each cause;  
And edifies his art on Nature's laws.  
His sphere he thus to reputation brings,  
In science versant, as expert in things.  
Th' ingenious court him, and the great cares,  
If not an A. M. yet an F. R. S.

Of the DIVINE.

Where'er he prays, an Angel intercedes:  
Where'er he preaches, none can say, he reads.  
The Orator fills even Kings with aw,  
When in his Master's name he deals his law;  
When *peace on earth*, and *glory in the high'st*,  
He preaches not himself, but *Jesus-Christ*.

Madam Pedia having ended her instructions, her son replies,

———without delay  
What'er thou bidd'st, unargu'd I obey.  
Bold is the enterprize thou dost endite:  
Yet I will dare, since thou hast daign'd to light.

We are then told,

Six sultry seasons he pursued his toil,  
Collecting various plants, of various soil.  
When she: My son, 'tis with *enormous* joy  
I see my maxims all thy care employ.  
Thy time's elapt: 'twas never my design,  
Thee noteless in a corner to confine:

I destin'd thee this sweet recess to grace,  
Till thou wert ripen'd for a nobler place.

This nobler place is the present residence of our Bard; which is here very elaborately described, and concerning which Pedia tells him,

Little did predecessor-lords foresee,  
That they built, planted, liv'd, and di'd for thee.  
The owner is my own: he'll ne'er refuse  
The mansion model'd for the British Muse.

Whether, by the British Muse, is meant that of our Author, we cannot take upon us positively to say. Our Readers, however, will probably be able to judge, from the ample specimens we have given of his transcendent merit in poetical composition."

Whoever compares this animated criticism, with the Poem, which is the subject of it; will be better enabled to judge of the real humor, that inspires it. Then will abundantly appear the *Monthly's* exercise, both of the greater and smaller arts. The principal is questionless that of quotation: which, in such design as is obvious here, consists first in avoiding (if possible) every luminous or pleasing passage. Where this proves a less easy than desirable task; the next expedient is to exhibit that *obscure*, which was *clear* in the Author; (the *chiaro-oscuro* of modern Criticism!) and the third to *make* the *mistakes*, which could not be found. For this united purpose, nothing is so effectual as a variety of *shreds*; which the duteous reader is to receive as *ample specimens*. Three instances of the above must evince the convenience of *mutilation*. One couplet was thus dropt, as of no other use than to finish the sentence, and sum the paragraph: after the line,

*With no more view, than children go a bopping;*  
Or, with a view to criticise the elves;  
To plague the people, or to please themselves.

In the next quotation, four lines ending one paragraph, and four lines beginning another, became a paragraph of the *Monthly's* making: to which if the concluding couplet had been added, no paradox could have been contrived, and so the *sheer wit* had been lost. After the line,

Many



*Many have daub'd, who never saw, my face.*

Ne'er more than now, pretenders swarm'd our ile:

This by the way——my children know my file.

The Critic however, being none of her children, could neither understand it, nor suffer it to be understood. But those, who never saw her, more than he, were as capable of *daubing* a sign-board, with the name, if not the semblance, of EDUCATION or ACADEMY.

Seven lines may variously suit a *Reviewers* drift, better than a dozen, that had suited the Authors:

What fascination binds the stubborn crew?

Or what idolatry, ye rebels, you?

Blind hell-born Disobedience, and Self-will;

Joint to produce, and persevere in ill!

If neither Hope, nor Honor, Virtue's spur,

Can prompt your pleasure, or prevent demur;

If to bland Reasons voice ye will not yield,

Know that your Lord reluctant arms shall wield;

That shall, resistless, overturn your reign;

For pleasure proffer'd, wreak the chosen pain;

And, from my fane, expel you by the rod;

As once the Savior, from the fane of God.

Among the smaller arts cannot be suspected (far less among the greater) the lopping of a letter; which, however it lop the sense, Candor is hoped to construe a *typographical error*. Thus:

*He rests not in effect, but scans each cause.*

for,

*He rests not in effects, but scans each cause.*

To this class is no less reducible any sort of *mispunctuation*: as,

*Each passes, each as thou enflam'st their soul.*

for,

*Each passes each, as thou enflam'st their soul.*

This we saw first exemplified p. 13. l. antep.

Italic

Italic wit we *see* on every hand: but wit, seen or heard, may be fortunate, or the reverse. If *masterly* were allowed fortunate (as unintended) in the qualification of *manner*; the italifying of *site* and *enormous*, spoke no more skill in literal, than in poetic architecture. Perhaps the Critics learning would have preferred *scite*; and probably chooses to write *scent* with *scituation*. As for *enormous*, happiness is so seldom in danger of being stiled, by the boldest figure, excessive; that (Miltons) *enormous bliss* may well be supposed a strange enormity to the very President, not to say, to the inferior members of the *Monthly Review*.

And indeed, tho' *enormous*, intimating *out of* (all) *rule* or *compass*, must in ancient, as in modern times, speak generally the unpleasing excess, if either can be pleasing; it seems no compliment to later days, that the Latin parent of *egregious*, implied solely *beyond the flock*, in excellence; whereas the English adjective implies *beyond the herd*, in the single sense of vulgar enormity.

That our Critics are born as well as bred Commentators, is demonstrable, as every where, particularly in the discovery they made, at one glance of the first ten lines; which, tho' useless to their plan, will speak (or make their modesty speak) their intuition.

When EDUCATION long, with weary feet,  
Had round AUGUSTA sought a pleasing seat;  
North, South, and East, where'er her footsteps err'd;  
Sweet sites she saw; but still the West preferr'd.  
To various lords of various lands she came:  
Some just had heard, and others seen her name.  
As they beheld the sage celestial Fair;  
Love in her eye, and honor in her air;  
Approach with modest, yet majestic mien;  
Each Lord, address, soon readdress the Queen.

Hence say the Reviewers: *The first person she addressed on this occasion, we are told, was a Lord; by the sequel, however,*



it appears, it could only have been a Lord-Mayor. This they naturally inferred, from another person afterwards telling the Queen, that his premises

*Had serv'd an Alderman, and might a May'r.*

But why did they not also descry, that Pedia was a Queen; even the Queen of Greece? Because common Critics might have descried it; and, for aught these knew, she might have been Queen of Rome, tho' not Queen of England.

That their sagacity is equal to their learning, need now be no more demonstrated, than that the justness of their every idea, beams unrivalled but by that of its clothing. They formerly (p. 7.) *would incline to have passed over a translation* they thought injurious to *Racine*, and unserviceable to *Religion*. And why *would they so incline?* Out of the same pure regard for the Author and his Subject, that the Priest and the Levite showed (in the Gospel) for the Traveller, who had fallen among thieves. Opposite however was their conduct. The pious *passengers* left the poor man and his assailants to Providence and the Samaritan: the zealous *rescuers* chose rather to attack also the injured party, than suffer the injurer to escape.

If such be the light and heat of the oracular Teachers, we need not wonder at the illumination, which the Critic supposes in their Disciples; much less at that, which radiates from himself. *From the modest simplicity of the title*, our Readers might possibly conceive it to be a mere didactic performance, and that even of the lowest, the prosaic, kind: We are to acquaint them, however, that it is a narrative and descriptive, and even in some sense a dramatic, as well as a didactic piece; that, instead of being written in groweling prose, it is heightened by the force of numbers, and embellished with the most singular graces of poetry. In justice, therefore, to our Bard, as well as out of regard to the importance of the subject, we shall just give a sketch of his design, with some few specimens of the masterly manner in which it is executed.

F

That,

That, from the modest simplicity of the title, their Readers might conceive the work to be low; is probably a compliment as just, as the character of the work, which their Instructor proceeds with such dignity to impart. The Pythian, priest or priestess, under the veil of ambiguity, often spoke plainly; pronouncing, perhaps with ironic tone, what was certain truth; or giving as solemn truth, what was perfect irony. No one, who has read the poem, can forbear to admire the picture, far less suspect, that any sneer can be couched under the justest account, and most masterly paragraph (perhaps) of the *Monthly Review*. But, alas! we have seen the sequel, and we saw what preceded.

As Candor is the keeper of the lamp, that enlightens man; Truth lends language elevation and propriety, even in the mouth that would make the sound belie her: so every departure, from her sacred guidance, must debase expression into proportioned blunder. Hence it is, that the author of this paragraph cannot seem the composer of the rest: and hence may we acquire some sort of test in style, or learn there to distinguish appearance from reality.

By this test may be tried the very first paragraph; where the Critic *hath* shown his style as incongruous, as his meaning appears inconsistent. The next goes similarly on to tell us, that *Parents may now know where to send their children*: even to the son of the *beautifully personified Mrs. Pedia*; who, after *proceeding—proceeds—next proceeds—and then proceeds to discuss the point, whether a public or private Education be the most eligible—The precepts that follow, are accordingly more particularly addressed to Mr. E—, and are apparently calculated for his emolument\**: which the *Monthly* and the *Critical* have

\* Be it not even whispered, that some presents have of late years been made from a certain quarter. The elucidation would not every-where do honor to the sender; and, where it did not, would give new pain to the receiver. The latter, ever ready to make the amplest returns for but the semblance, much more for the reality, of friendship; grieves only, that, heart or hand, long tenderly



have hitherto labored thus piteously, yet not always ineffectually, however impiously towards their Object and the Public, either to preclude or destroy.

“ *Critical Review*, March, 1763. *Education*, in four Books. By James Elphinston.

We have lately had an *Education* in four volumes of prose from Mr. Rousseau; and now we have one in four books of verse from Mr. Elphinston. The Critical Reviewers do not much value themselves on their sagacity and discernment, because they are able to trace the author's profession and drift in every line of his work; a circumstance which, together with his being a most indifferent poet, is the sum total of their knowledge acquired from a work entitled *Education*. We have a faint remembrance of having seen some poetical attempts by the same hand heretofore; and we ask the gentleman's pardon, if we unjustly ascribe to him the following stanza, which we quote from memory; and assure our readers, that, if it doth not belong to the author of *Education*, it is, at least, worthy of his muse.

God not a beast did make me, but a man;  
And not a Turk, but a true Christian;  
Tho' Providence made me a school-master,  
None of the meanest sort I dare aver.

The opening of this poem represents *Education* as a personage searching round this metropolis for a proper *site*. The obstacles she meets with, from the ignorance and self-interest of those to whom she applies, form a ridiculous enough distress. One tells her,

‘ That you are good on ‘Change, there's little talk;  
Tho' sometimes boasted on the Scottish walk.’

And,

‘ When you pretend true int'rest to compute,  
On int'rest upon int'rest you are mute.

F 2

Another

tenderly courted, far from having to return, he has new injury to surmount, and new cruelty to forgive. For no occasional pecuniary accommodation can purchase a right of relentless endeavor, public and private, to take away, what not enriches the taker; but what is, to an ingenuous mind, beyond all possession, except the consciousness of deserving it; and proportionably to impair or overturn (with the peace perhaps of both parties) that fortune, which must stand or fall with fame; and which, but for such oppositions, might have been this day independant as his, that originally rose on the connexion.

Another offers the lady a house, but unfortunately it wants repair; and *Madam Education* has no money to bestow on repairs.

‘ You’re welcome to repair it, if you’re willing;  
But, Madam, I cannot afford one shilling.’  
‘ Sir, said the lady, *rev’re*nce dropt withal.  
By me your fabric nor shall stand nor fall.’

’Tis pity the measure would not allow of another syllable; and then the reverence dropt in the third line might have been knighted.

At last *Education* stumbles upon a habitation, which, if not well described in the poem, is at least well engraved at the end; and lest one front of it should not be sufficient, the author has been at the expence of two plates—Perhaps some people may think the author pays his own academy rather too high a compliment; but the following quotation will shew that he has a very different sense of the matter.

‘ Now *Education* cast a piercing ray,  
O’er ev’ry region, where her fav’rites lay:  
Nor twice seven times had *Sol* his course begun,  
When at a parents call *Edina* sent a son.  
Hail, my first-born, she said, ’tis my design  
To place thee and thy darlings here, the Nine:  
Where silvan scenes on ev’ry hand delight,  
Where great *Augusta* too exalts the sight.  
See holy *Peter’s* light-ascending pile,  
The peerless glory of a gothic ile!  
There my surviving sons some tribute pay,  
To those whose ashes, earth to earth, they lay.  
There ev’ry Muse combines her pow’r to show,  
That worth still triumphs over ev’ry foe;  
That wit shines brighter forth a beam of God,  
When disembodied from the deadly clod;  
That those, whose deeds have writ their names on high,  
Amid the very tombs shall Time and Death defy.  
Look, where great *Paul’s* august Corinthian fane  
Now swells in air, now sinks in smoke again:  
Stupendous structure! passing tongue or pen,  
That blends the pow’r of Majesty and Wren.  
There palaces arise, and villa’s here:  
Where Peace most flourishes, fell War is near.  
There Affluence riots, on what Heav’n has lent;  
Here well-earn’d Competence bestows Content.  
There soul and body join to purchase wealth:  
Here cloudless Toil secures the soul’s and body’s health.  
Yet trees alone to rear has been the scope;  
Nor ever rose before the British hope;

But



But now shall rise. And even if, trees to rear,  
*Pomona's* sons must serve a seven-long year;  
 So here must thou, my nobler art to reach:  
 He that would teach to learn, must learn to teach.  
 Train'd to my lore, the term expir'd shall see  
 Thee worthier of a site, a site more worthy thee.

This passage is full of *instruction*. We learn, in the first place, that the author is a Caledonian; and, though he did not leave his native country, as many others had done, uninvited, yet he readily obeyed the first summons; and indeed he could do no less, being *Pedeia's* first-born—in short, he arrived in town within a fortnight.

We are at a loss for the sense of the two following lines:

*Yet trees alone to rear has been the scope:  
 Nor ever rose before the British hope.*

Pray, can it allude to the excellency of Scotch gardeners? It certainly does, from the subsequent couplet; and it also appears that pedagogues, as well as gardeners, must serve a seven-long-year apprenticeship, and he that would

*Teach to learn—must—learn to teach.*

It would be endless to follow Mr. Elphinston through the different stages of his education, as adapted to the different professions; we shall only observe, that in his epithets no poet has been more happy; of which Athens *beturf'd* may serve as an example——Mr. Elphinston may be, and we believe he is, a very good school-master; but his poem is a fresh proof of the old maxim, That the palestra never produced a good warrior."

The *Critical Review* proves here a faithfull, no less than spirited, epitomist of the *Monthly*. The former displays like personal goodwill to the Poet, like tender desire of suppressing whatever might *expose* him to the Public; like attention therefore, if not yet equal skill, in the quoting, as well as prepossessing art. So long a fair quotation from the Preface spoke perhaps less experience; but, if it less concealed the Poet, it threw less light on the Poem: and the Readers, who give implicit faith to the Judges of either Court, are in little danger of admiring even what they see; if predirected, by such Oracles, to detest it. While the *Monthly* must hitherto be, in general, owned the paragon and leader of the *Critical Review*; even the delicacy of wit, as well as the depth of judgement,

judgement, seems happily communicated to the one, without being lessened in the other.

The *Critical Reviewers* set out indeed with native brightness; discovering almost intuitively, that *Rousseau* and *Elphinston* coincided: which none had discovered before. Nay, this they proved, as well as pronounced: and it is but now and then they do both. The *subject* was the same; and *divided* by one, into as many books; as by the other, into volumes. But neither Bench, in brightest jocularly, could perceive another coincidence of the geniusses: that they both were *writers of music*. In theory, as in the mode of conveying it, they certainly were contrasted; if with any theory he can be charged, who pretends to little else than mechanic practice. Yet, whoever defies at once practice and theory, being now (like Democritus or Epicurus,\*) a *self-taught sage*; *Rousseau* had onely to declare Emulation obstructive of Excellence, and *Elphinston* to celebrate her as the main spring of progressive duty; for the *Monthly* to scoff at the *whetter*, *Emulation*; and the *Critical*, to join *eccho* (her *issue*!) in laughing down him, who by practice would improve theory; and, *by teaching, learn* more effectually *to teach*. Of this indeed the philosopher was not so much as suspected, while the poet was taken in the fact. The former knew any thing, rather than what he taught; the latter knew scarce any thing beside. The former therefore cannot be said to have left, what he probably never found, to children: good Cato's (whoever good Cato might be)

*Qui docet indoctos, licet indoctissimus esset,  
Ipse brevi reliquis doctior esse queat.*

or to the Enemy's equally awfull ally, who, in his *gloomy Night-Thoughts*, frightens modern philosophers with the same sentiment:

Teaching, we learn; and, giving, we receive  
The births of intellect.

The

\* See *Comment* on English MARTIAL, page 512.



The *Monthly*, for February 1763, had concluded a far-  
castical account of

“ *The Winter-Piece, a Poem* — ‘ Take the following couplet, as a specimen. Old *Hyems*, he (the author) tells us, trembling at the decree issued by the sovereign goodness, in behalf of suffering nature, which the said *Hyems*, or *Winter*, had used very roughly, thus makes his retreat:

Eurus and Boreas turn their tails, and fly;  
And bear him backward down the northern sky.

The circumstance of Eurus and Boreas, turning their tails and flying, or letting fly, cannot but remind our readers, of the action of the winds in Cotton’s *Virgil*. There are other droll passages in this poem; but, on the whole, it is too dull to deserve farther notice.”

If the *Winterpiece* had so much dulness, it was pity to lend it any of the *Monthly* wit; which plainly deemed *droll* (surely not so droll) passages, exceptions to the dulness of the rest. And, if the same Bench had, in the same Assizes, been so *droll* on other *dirty\*doings*; the *Critical* could never pass either a low or a dull sentence, after rising to the knighthood of *reverence*. The *puny* (of whatever origin) might innocently, perhaps kindly, change a *shilling* into *one shilling*. But the *Monthly*, with all her cunning management, could never make so barefaced, or consequently so safe, a forgery; as by openly charging her own manufacture of *beturf’d*, on the hand of Mr. *Elphinston*.

Pointing the great Ancients, in each respective kind, III.  
275. *Pedia* thus commands:

Yet, wouldst inspire the speakers glorious pride?  
Who best exemplify, the best can guide.  
Who then, like *Tully*, bids persuasion flow?  
Who, like the Greek, hurls thunder on the foe?  
*Athens*, beturf’d, must her *Mars’ bill* deplore;  
Nay, Christian Rome her senate knows no more.  
With freedom, Eloquence transferr’d her smile;  
Thro’ Gallia flew, to bless the British ile:

And

And here they dain to linger—May they long  
 Inspire our speeches, and attune our song!  
 For songsters too are ours: no age or clime  
 Engrosses or the mean, or the sublime.  
 This thou, *Longinus*, know'st; whose eagle-eye  
 Could pierce each splendor, and each mist defy.  
 Thou, beyond vulgar daring, soar'st to see  
 The boldest efforts of sublimity.  
 Say then, has Time extinguisht Homers fire?  
 Are all his sons inferior to their fire?  
 Tho' *Mantua's*<sup>1</sup>, with *Meonia's*<sup>2</sup>, eagle tow'rs;  
 Tho' from *Ascrean*<sup>3</sup>, nay *Sicilian*<sup>4</sup>, flow'rs,  
 Tho' from the *Carian*<sup>5</sup> bards unhallow'd ground,  
 Where onely poison 'mid the flow'rs is found;  
 He, like his bees, sucks quintessence: yet, known,  
 The honey charms as, like the hive, his own.  
 But, sprung from both, behold in modern days,  
 A rival candidate for epic praise;  
 In dialect if lower, loftier still;  
 As *Sions* summits, 'bove *Olympus*' hill.  
 and so on.

The Reader is now amply enabled to estimate, the wise  
 generosity of the *Critical Review*; who, to secure credit  
 to any amount, began with freely transferring a stanza,  
 which *doth* unalienably belong to her own Bench or Bre-  
 thren; to the *totally unworthy* Author of *Education*.

While internal evidence is more than sufficient, in the  
 whole course of these trials, before Courts, who have never  
 given either internal or external documents of any right or  
 title to decide; names, that carry evidence and title in  
 themselves, are invaluable corroborations.

Mr. *Elphinston*, well knowing what he had to expect, from  
 both the self-constituted Courts; and, on every account, as  
 ambitious of certain approbation, as callous to certain cen-  
 sure;

<sup>1</sup> *Virgil.*

<sup>2</sup> *Homer.*

<sup>3</sup> *Hesiod.*

<sup>4</sup> *Theocritus.*

<sup>5</sup> *Lucretius.*



sure; sent early, to Dr. YOUNG, a copy of *Education*; and even used the freedom to entreat the remarks, of that respectable as enlightened Judge; who soon honored the letter with this answer, in his wonted Laconic manner.

‘ SIR,

I thank you much for your valuable Present. I think there is a Spirit in your Poetry, and a Propriety in your Plan: and that the World may be the better for them both. If I were better in Health, I should be more particular. But, as from my Age, I have small Cause to presume, that That will mend; pray be so good as to excuse

Sir,

Your obliged

Wellwyn, 27 Feb.

And most humble Servant,

1763.

E. YOUNG.’

The Original, both of this Letter, and of that respecting *Religion*, may be seen in Mr. *Elphinstons* hands.

The admirers of the *Day-Thoughts* seem not every-where to have admired the celebrated *Gesner*, more than the immortal *Young*; at least in these four paragraphs, of the

“ *Monthly Review*: August, 1762.

‘ Imagery is the very soul of Poetry, but it may be too complex and ornate. When images are multiplied, every particular object loses the effect it would have had when considered simply: Our modern Poets seem to be unapprized of this truth; seeing they are at so much pains to croud their works with ornament.

Mr. *Gesner* professes to adapt his pastoral Essays to the golden Age; but he has sometimes introduced objects unknown, and sentiments ill accommodated, to that aera. Thus, in the pastoral we have quoted, satyrs are introduced, “ clapping their clattering castanets;” which, however well the sound may be adapted to the sentiment, in the English translation, we must not pass over without censure; the castanet being an amusement peculiar to the German dance, and altogether unknown to the Golden Age.

G

The

The reward which Thirsis offers Myrtillis for his song is a Dutch toy, of a very curious construction. "Come, Myrtillis, as the solitude of the night, and *awful* brightness of the moon to solemn songs invite us, hear my proposal. This fine earthen lamp so curiously constructed, will I give thee: My Father made it in a dragon's form, with wings and feet; in its open mouth the lighted candle burns; while, for its tail turned up is twisted round to form a handle. This will I give thee, if the moving tale of Daphnis and Chloe thou wilt sing.'

In this tale Chloe is represented standing on the bank of a river,

Impatient for th'arrival of the boat,  
In which her Daphnis should have cross'd the flood.

This blunder is near akin to that of the picture, in which Abraham is presenting a pistol at Isaac; for it is well known that in the Golden Age boats were not in being.

Nondum \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ in liquidas Pinus descenderat Undas.

OVID.

Elsewhere, thro' this long and laborious article, the Critic is civil as well as sensible. So had the *Monthly Reviewers* been the February before, on *the Death of Abel*; and, in October, 1775, are not onely polite to Mr. Gesner, on his *new Idyls*, but encomiastic. The last effect however may have been partly produced, by their learning, that the above censure had touched the delicate Authors sensibility; which many years ago sent over the following Reply, never before published for want of opportunity, or perhaps of inclination to embrace it. Nor can the present Editor, who has had it ever since in his hands, justify the so long delay of publication, but by that reluctance, which, however natural, must not always withhold the hand of Justice.

*Monfieur Gefner de Zurich, auteur de La mort d'Abel, et des Idilles ou poemes Champêtres, qui viennent d'être publiés en Anglois, aurait été flatté de voir ses ouvrages applaudis en Angleterre, comme ils ont eu le bonheur de l'être ailleurs; ayant une estime particuliere pour cette nation. Mais il voit avec peine le compte peu fidele, qu'en rend le Monthly Review, d'après une traduction fautive. Il vaudrait mieux pour M. Gefner, que ses ouvrages n'eussent point été traduits, que d'être altérés. Le traducteur.*



ducteur, dans plusieurs endroits, prend la liberté de paraphraser, au lieu de traduire ; dans d'autres, il ajoute ou il retranche à son bon plaisir : de sorte qu'il est impossible qu'on sente, dans sa version, la moitié des beautés de l'original ; et surtout pour les Idilles, dont l'excellence consiste bien souvent dans la seule naïveté de l'expression ; ce qui ne peut que se perdre extrêmement, dans une traduction pareille. Un des amis de M. Gesner croit son honneur intéressé à prier le public de suspendre le jugement, qu'il pourrait porter de ces deux ouvrages, sur de fausses apparences. Si les Editeurs du *Monthly Review* s'étaient contentés de critiquer les défauts, que la traduction prêtait à l'ouvrage ; le blâme serait tout retombé sur le traducteur. Mais ils ont fait plus ; et, avec leur permission, ils ont touché des matières, qu'ils n'entendaient pas assez. Entre plusieurs bêtises, j'en citerai seulement une, qui fera assez juger des autres. Ils reprochent à M. Gesner, d'avoir quelquefois donné à gauche, en recherchant cette simplicité de mœurs et d'usages, naturelle aux anciens, et qui fait le charme de Théocrite. Entre autres, ils citent la lampe de Thirsis, qu'ils appellent un Dutch Toy ; à cause de sa figure, qui est un dragon recourbé, &c. et ils nient, que les anciens aient jamais eu de pareilles lampes. Ces Messieurs devraient se souvenir du sort de Midas, et craindre d'en subir un pareil.

To some, even of those, who understand the original, a translation may not be unacceptable.

“ Mr. Gesner of Zurich, author of *The death of Abel*, and of the *Idyls*, or rural poems, just published in English ; would have been proud to see his works applauded in England, as they have had the good-fortune to be elsewhere ; he having a particular esteem for the British nation. With pain therefore does he see the unfaithfull account given of them by the *Monthly Review*, from an erroneous translation. Better were it for the author, that they had never been translated, than that they should have been transmuted. The versionist, in several places, takes the liberty of paraphrasing, insted of translating ; in others, he adds or curtails, at his own good pleasure : so that it proves impossible,

in his version, to taste half the beauties of the original; especially, of the Idyls; of which the excellence very often consists, in the mere nativeness of the expression: which cannot but be greatly lost, in a translation of that kind. A friend of Mr. *Gesners* thinks his own honor concerned, to entreat the Public to suspend the judgement it might pass, on those two performances, from misrepresentations of them. Had the Editors of the *Monthly Review* contented themselves with criticising the faults, which the translation had lent the original; the whole blame would have fallen upon the translator. But they have gone farther; and, by their leave, have ventured to handle topics, which they did not sufficiently understand. Among various blunders, I shall mention but one, by which the reader may judge of the rest. They reproach Mr. *Gesner* with having sometimes missed his mark, while he aimed at that simplicity of manners and customs, which was natural to the ancients, and which constitutes the peculiar charm of Theocritus. Among other instances, they specify the lamp of Thirsis; which they call a *Dutch Toy*; because of its figure, which is a bending dragon, and so forth; and they deny, that the ancients ever had any such lamps. Those gentlemen should remember the fate of *Midas*, and tremble lest it prove theirs."

This year (1763) produced (in a two-shilling-pamphlet) *An APOLOGY for the MONTHLY REVIEW; with an APPENDIX in behalf of the CRITICAL: in which the Rise, Progress, and Perfection; the Learning, Ingenuity, and Equity, of both those literary Tribunals, are investigated and exhibited, in specimens on every subject and of every kind.*

Full as this was of demonstrative Truth; it could neither be answered, nor forgotten.

The kindness of both Courts for the supposed Author, if undeservedly and unaccountably begun, found here an offensive source; whence the *Monthly*, ever a leader of the laudable, issued next year an example too great, even for her sister to follow:

" *Monthly*



“ *Monthly Review*: September, 1764.

*A Collection of Poems, from the best Authors: Adapted to every age, but peculiarly designed to form the TASTE of YOUTH.*  
By JAMES ELPHINSTON.

‘ Though there have been good Judges of Poetry, who never wrote verses ; there never was perhaps a pretender to versification, who had any claim to judgment. We have a recent proof of this in the Collection before us. Mr. *James Elphinston*, who has made several wretched attempts at Poetry, has at last taken up with the humble office of a compiler : for which, however, he appears to be no better qualified, than he was for the profession of an Author, as he hath admitted a number of very trifling performances, while he was at liberty to have made choice of much better. He professes to have selected his Poems only from the best Authors ; and yet he has presumed to rank himself amongst that number, and has inserted in his Collection several of his own miserable productions.

—— *O caecus amor sui !*  
—— *Quid non mortalia pectora cogis ?*”

The first sentiment was worthy a Critic, who never had known *Horace*, *Boileau*, *Pope*, or any other Poet of ancient or modern times. Little sagacity is necessary, tho’ authority were wanting, to read here the rage of a disappointed as disregarded Versifier ; who was not indeed likely to find any thing of his, amongst the number of allowed Masterpieces, from *Dryden*, *Prior*, *Pope*, *Swift*, *Addison*, *Gray*, *Mason*, and other Geniusses ; not one of whom hath by any, beside such Reviewers, been deemed unworthy the company of the rest.

The *Critical*, tho’ unsuspected of more depth, or more delicacy than her Model ; was here too cunning to copy it, in the attack of such an assemblage. But the year after afforded both Courts a happy (and they fancied safe) opportunity of reuniting their force against the common Enemy. The elder Sister, as was fit, took the lead.

“ *Monthly Review*: October, 1765.

*The Principles of the English Language digested: or, English Grammar reduced to Analogy: two Volumes.* By JAMES ELPHINSTON.

‘ It is earnestly to be wished that the rising generation may profit by the many attempts, which have been lately made  
to

to improve the grammar of our language; and that we may be no longer exposed to the ridicule of foreigners, and even of each other, on account of the amazing uncertainty and diversity of our colloquial jargon. There is one reason, indeed, to fear that so disagreeable an effect may not speedily take place; and this is, that most of those attempts have been so crude and injudicious, that they have shewn the masters to want instruction as much as their Pupils. In a matter of such allowed importance, as that of teaching our language with elegance and purity, it is surprising that hardly any qualification is thought requisite, except a little knowledge of the Latin: to which tongue the English hath less affinity than most others in Europe. With regard to pronunciation, such knowledge is totally useless. But indeed, this part of grammar is cultivated by few; the state of our orthoepey being generally given up as desperate. If we enquire, however, into the cause of its disorder, the effects of such enquiry will very naturally lead to a remedy. It is to the different modes of speaking in the pretended masters of our language, that the diversity and confusion we daily experience arise. It may, perhaps, be impossible ever to establish an universal mode of pronunciation in different provinces; but if school-masters were to throw off all provinciality of dialect in their teaching, it would go a great way toward establishing a very general one. Mr. Elphinston gives a very curious reason, why foreigners and provincials are better qualified to teach the language than the natives; the former, says he, being under the necessity of studying, for those things which are familiar and obvious to the latter; and therefore discovering those difficulties, to which the latter would pay less attention. Now, we do readily admit, if the necessity of studying be a proof of our having studied, that our Author's reason is good; but as people do not always *know*, merely because they *ought* to *know*; we look upon this circumstance in a very different light. Not that we mean to pay any compliment to the school-masters of the metropolis or its environs, at the expence of those in the country, or even those numerous labourers in this vineyard that visit us from North-Britain. A polished *English* school-master will doubtless smile at being told in a *British* grammar, that we should pronounce *fire* as if it were written *farwee*, and *desire* as if it were written *desarwee*: but how justly might be retorted on him the equal imperfections and absurdities of our own popular school-books! The Londoners are laughed at, for saying *weal* and *wile*, instead of *veal* and *vile*; but if we look into the spelling-books most in use, we shall find, in the list of words of the same sound but different meanings, *veal* and *wheel* specified as words of the same sound, as also *vile* and *wile*. Can any provincial barbarisms equal these?



In respect particularly to the work before us ; it is by no means the best or the worst of this kind of performances : one general defect of which is evidently owing to the incapacity of their authors to distinguish between real idiom and habitual jargon ; between those things which are reducible to rule, and those which all rule should exclude. It is a matter of great importance also in all didactic performances, that the Reader's attention should be engaged by objects of consequence ; that he should not be perplexed with a multiplicity of words, or be alarmed with a parade about trifles. There are many particulars respecting languages, that are to be acquired only by reading and conversation ; while there are many others, of which the very attempt to teach them by book, is sufficient to disgust the learner with the whole study. We are sorry to find Mr. Elphinston hath eked out many pages of his two volumes with such kind of exceptionable matter. — *Specimen.* Treating of the plurality of nouns, our Author says, ' Nor are original substantives only pluralisable : any other part of speech may be adopted a substantive, and form a plural as such. Thus one *forty*, two *forties* ; a *nothing*, *nothings* ; a *bluster*, *blusters* ; an *out*, *outs* ; an *in*, *ins* ; an *if*, *ifs* ; a *hum*, *hums* ; &c. And, in short, Every word, or assemblage of words, used as a bare word or an indivisible subject, becomes a singular noun regularly pluralisable : as this *forty*, these *forties* or *forty's* ; one *them*, two *thems* ; one *says*, two *sayses* ; a *how*, *hows* ; a *by*, *byes* ; or *by's* ; an *and*, *ands* ; an *alas*, *alasses* : so a *says-be*, *says-bees* or *be's* ; a *he-says*, *he-sayses* ; a *has-been*, *has-beens* ; a *very-well*, *very-wells* ; a *stay-a-little*, *stay-a-littles* ; a *what-d'ye call-it*, *what-d'ye-call-its*, or *what-d'ye-call-them*, &c.

' Thus it is that a title or other specifier, prefixed to a name is held a conjunct part of it ; and so the name alone is pluralised :

' Not two *Lord-Gods*, or two *Jesus-Christ's* ;  
' but two *St. Jameses* (for *Saint-Jameses*)  
' several *Mr. Johns* (for *Meister-Johns*)  
' various *Master-Jacky's* (or *Jackies*)  
' the *Mr. Wests*, and the *Mrs. Wests* ;  
' the *Mr. and Mrs Wests* ;  
' the *Master-Wests*, and the *Miss-Wests* :  
' both the *Lord-Stranges* ;

&c.

If the Reader requires farther information of this work, we refer him to the book itself, the method and design of which are too vague and confused to admit of any regular abstract. We cannot omit, however, the following short praxis on interjection, as a farther specimen of the style and execution ; and as it bears some relation to the nature and success of the recent attacks, that have been made on English Grammar.

' So

\* So impetuous assailants fall on *pal-mal* or *slap-dash*, make the heart of the surpris'd go *pit-a-pat*, or their tongue cry *hey-dey*, *hoity-toity*, &c. But now to the *burry* all fly in a *flurry*. In the *bubbub* or *burly-burly* some stand *shill-I*, *shall-I?* or move *will-they*, *nill-they*; while others run *belter-skel-ter*, throw all things *biggledy-piggledy*, or turn them *topsy-turvy*; &c."

" *Critical Review*: November, 1765.

*The Principles*—as in the other.

\* We have upon more occasions than one, given our opinion in general, as to works of this kind. That before us is one of the most bulky, laborious, and useless we have seen; and exhibits two incredibilities: the first is, that a man should be ingenious enough to coin three hundred and ninety three pages of pretty close print (which the first volume of this work contains) into good hard English sterling nonsense; the second is, that he should be so far mistaken, as to imagine, that his book could ever find either readers or buyers, to defray the tenth part of his expence in paper and print. To shew however, that we have no malevolence of any kind towards Mr. Elphinston, we acknowledge that his second volume (in which he treats of English prosody, or versification) contains several very accurate observations upon the mechanism of our poetry; and we have so good an opinion of his abilities as a school-master, that we shall condescend to give him a word of advice: Contract your work, good Mr. Elphinston, into the size of a shilling school-book; lay your judicious countryman Ruddiman's Rudiments of the Latin Language before you; apply his plan to the English; endeavour as much as you can, to establish a conformity (which we believe to be very practicable between the two languages) but meddle not with sounds, unless you can obtain from nature the temper-pin of every ear, tongue, and throat in the kingdom."

On these elaborate and sprightly, as well as friendly dissertations, which the learned and ingenious Judges exhibit to their Minions as criticisms; very little hypercriticism can be requisite. The *Monthly* descender, after a long ramble in regions forain to any purpose, as much as to the subject in question; would make humble hearers believe, that the Author of *The Principles of the English Language* should talk about *fire* and *farwee*, if not *vile* and *wile*, as coincident; or of *Latin*, as *requisite to English*; that exemplification,  
of



of analogic possibility, is *exceptionable matter*; that the work has no method, because he cannot, or will not, trace it or even take it; and that, in short, the whole is *one of the recent attacks on English Grammar*.

Tho' the Readers of both *Reviews* must have throats to swallow any thing; a person of common-sense would doubt whether to smile or look grave, (the *laugh* being left to *Reviewers*, for criticism;) when he hears the name of *Grammar* taken into the mouth of a Critic, who *hath* written, at least *doth* print; *There is one reason, indeed, to fear that so disagreeable an effect may not speedily take place——It is to the different modes of speaking in the pretended masters of our language, that the diversity and confusion we daily experience arise.*

Mr. Elphinston pleads guilty to one arrainment: that he *hath* said, because he *doth* believe, that they who any-where study, are more likely to become knowing, than they who are any-where idle. Nay, he must arrain himself of that, which even the *Monthly's* penetration and kindness united could not have imagined possible; of having purposely thrown the pretty little tumultuary paragraph of compound Interjection, on the same duty it had done seven years before in the *Analysis* (p. 15.) where it had alike edified and entertained the sage *Monthly Review* and her Readers.

The heart is, more than quaintly, owned the best part of the head. So argued Milton: *Wicked, and thence weak.*

That such *Reviewers*, as by a certain class are now *looked up to*, might be puzzled to find the clue of any complicated work, will not much surprise any one, who can look low enough to see their head, if their heart were out of the question. But, had not the pronouncer resolved to satisfy every fastidious reader, by the assurance, that *the method and design are too vague and confused to admit of any regular abstract*; he would have given with equal honor and ease, from the three last pages, the *Conclusion* and *Summary* of the work.

' The plan of building once formed, the first requisite is, proper materials. In literary structure, the first choice

‘ proves that of language exactly suited to subject and object,  
 ‘ as well as to the kind of composition.

‘ The second care is that of construction, or of so disposing  
 ‘ and compacting the materials; that, in a sentence,  
 ‘ a paragraph, a discourse, or a poem; in a whole work,  
 ‘ or in any member, the parts so necessarily or naturally,  
 ‘ introduce, strengthen, and adorn each other; as to begin  
 ‘ without surprise, continue without anticipation, and  
 ‘ conclude without disappointment: that is, to propose and  
 ‘ invite, to instruct and entertain, to evince and satisfy.  
 ‘ Of materials selected, wrought, and arranged to produce  
 ‘ this effect, it were redundant to say, there must be a sufficiency,  
 ‘ as distinct from elliptic curtailment, as from pendent length.

‘ The materials must not onely be proper, sufficient,  
 ‘ and duly constructed: they must be perfectly consistent  
 ‘ with each other. Every part must be of a piece in itself,  
 ‘ as all the parts must make a uniform whole. *Every member*  
 ‘ *hath not the same office*; and so all neither can, nor ought to  
 ‘ be equally shining, equally strong, or equally high. Yet  
 ‘ all the members, humble or high, shining or strong, compacting  
 ‘ or compacted; by maintaining an equal propriety,  
 ‘ and mutual subservience; claim, each in its station, its  
 ‘ proportioned honor. By the consistence therefore, as well  
 ‘ as gradation of the various parts, each member of the  
 ‘ ingenious fabric, giving luster or strength to the rest; the  
 ‘ work proceeds from part to part, till nothing can be added,  
 ‘ abated, or improved; till, in the union of ease, order,  
 ‘ and perspicuity; of strength, accuracy, and elegance;  
 ‘ all must acquiesce, where they cannot resist; and  
 ‘ admire, what they dare not mend.

‘ Thus has it been endeavored to investigate and ascertain  
 ‘ the ENGLISH LANGUAGE, in all its parts; of *Ortho-*  
 ‘ *epy* and *Orthography*, *Etymology*, *Syntax*, *Prosody*; or,  
 ‘ more intelligibly, of *speaking* and *writing*, of *formation*,  
 ‘ *construction*, and *versification*; nor onely to fix literal propriety,  
 ‘ but to digest the figures of Rhetoric, as well as the  
 ‘ language



‘ language of Poetry: to communicate talent, and inspire  
 ‘ taste; by pointing what is to be avoided, and what to be  
 ‘ imitated; by furnishing at once the precept and the pow-  
 ‘ er; and evincing thro’ the whole, every questionable asser-  
 ‘ tion, by Reason along with Example. Such has been the  
 ‘ attentive execution of that Plan, which could alone fix a  
 ‘ standard for instability, or promise permanence to a living  
 ‘ tongue; and which, by laying the foundation of UNI-  
 ‘ VERSAL GRAMMAR, anticipates the line of every Lan-  
 ‘ guage.’

In the *Critical Review*, the *impetuous assailant* doth indeed  
*fall on pal-mal or flap-dash*. The deep deviser of the *two*  
*incredibilities*, first wonders to find a huge volume of *hard ster-*  
*ling nonsense*, and then that its author should be *mistaken*. Be-  
 cause the said culprit had dared to print a book not likely to  
*defray* the tenth part of his *expences*; what less could the *Cri-*  
*tical* do, than join issue with the *Monthly*, to amerce him, *in*  
*terrorem*, of the remainder? This paltry tithe is bestowed  
 with uncommon emolument, when it *doth* but *defray* the *ex-*  
*pence* of so *condescending*, animated, and edifying a *word of ad-*  
*vice*. How happy is it to find friends so concerned for ones  
 interest, as to ease one almost of the care! The Critic as cor-  
 dially laughs away the paper and print of this work, as  
 he did the plates of the former. Nor does he less generously  
 grudge the Authors money, than did the *Monthly* his labor  
 in the Analysis. P. 13. The merits of the cause could ne-  
 ver be canvassed: for both Courts, unintuitively, knew it had  
 none.

Yet, were any appeal from the two infallible Tribu-  
 nals, it would by some be made to one, who on this subject  
 is allowed by both Benches an Oracle; and who bore the  
 following testimony to the work in question, ere yet he had  
 seen the Author; and while he so was safer than the Presi-  
 dent of either Court, from all bias, whether of alliance, or  
 of friendship.

In that candid Strangers elegant Essay, entitled *A general Idea of a Pronouncing-Dictionary*, addressed in 1774 to his friend Mr. Garrick, we read the following paragraphs.

“ The English have long been cherishing almost every language but their own; and, but for some geniuses of the first magnitude, must have remained unknown to the world; while the French, with a race of authors confessedly\* inferior, have, by the cultivation of their language, excited the admiration and envy of Europe. The present age indeed seems sensible of the importance of this point; and has produced grammarians unequalled as our poets and philosophers. With what Attic taste and geometric rigour has universal grammar been delineated by Harris! With what Herculean labour and classical precision has every word in the English language been selected, distributed, and defined by Johnson! How happily has Lowth joined the talents of a Priscian to those of a Tully, in his elegant display of the inaccuracies of our best authors! The† more important researches of a Priestley have not deprived us of his attention to grammar; and we have the principles of our own language by Elphinston, on a more enlarged and more liberal plan, than the most polished nations of Europe can produce.

“ But, though every other part of grammar has made a rapid improvement, and we find Johnson and Lowth insensibly operating on the orthography and phraseology of our language; yet its pronunciation, as if almost insignificant, has been little noticed by any author except Mr. Elphinston. This gentleman has attempted to ascertain our pronunciation on the most rational principles; and, by pointing out the analogies of the language, has shown its excellencies and errors in the strongest light; has shown, at the same time, that the analogy of orthoepy is by much the most abstruse, and most delicate part of grammar.”

No

\* By Englishmen.

† Other, not more.



No wonder the Essayists own ingenious labors on the English language prove the more esteemed, the more he is fond to do honor to those of others; or if himself hold so distinguished a place among the Promoters of vernacular Science; who with such taste, talent, and cordiality emblazons the names of the rest. But Mr. WALKER fears not to be little, in pronouncing others great. He knows that greatness, like littleness, (so near are opposites!) may be deemed contagious; that no man can show excellence in another, without having some in himself; and that no man wishes to suppress the merit of another, but he who has none at home to show. *Are they not then without understanding, that work wickedness?—that encourage themselves in mischief, and commune among themselves how they may lay snares, and say, that no man shall see them? But their own tongues shall make them fall; and, in the work of their own hands, shall their feet be taken: While the liberal man deviseth liberal things; and by liberal things shall be stand.*

Three years elapsed before the diligent Inquisitors of either Court could sit again upon the perversely-standing object of their indignation. But now, of a *threefold* crime; so much the greater, that some might hold it small; was the Culprit arraigned in both Tribunals. Of a petty *Compliment*, in (no fewer than) three languages, was he found guilty; nay, of personally presenting it *to the King of Denmark*.

To his most Excellent MAJESTY, the KING of DENMARK  
and NORWAY.

Welcome, young Monarch, to Britannia's shore,  
Who roam'st each region, Wisdom to explore!  
As Cyrus Egypt over-ran, and Grece;  
As Jason voyag'd for the Golden Flece;  
So be thy progress crown'd: so may'st thou gain  
The arduous knowlege, that empow'rs to reign;  
So may'st thou scan the manners, customs, laws,  
That challenge censure, or command applause.

See!

See! where sweet Liberty delights to dwell,  
 Fell Licence envious bids the blest rebel:  
 See, where Oppression joys to spread the groan;  
 And learn, from pois'd extremes, to bless thy own.  
 Nor only thine: such parts and pow'r combin'd,  
 Must give Gods minister to bless mankind;  
 Must give thyself the glory of the crown'd,  
 Thy realm the envy of the nations round:  
 Where peace and plenty glad the cultur'd plains,  
 Where polish'd order in each city reigns;  
 Where awful Justice rears her radiant sword,  
 Where lenient Mercy is the Pow'r ador'd;  
 Where foster'd Science takes her fav'rite stand,  
 And honor'd Virtue hallows all the land:  
 There shalt thou, Cyrus-like, mature thy plan;  
 And thine age finish, what thy youth began.

These verses are humbly inscribed by

Oâ. 11. 1768.

JAMES ELPHINSTON.

A sa Majesté Sérénissime

Le Roi de DANEMARC et de NORVEGE.

De tous les vrais Brétons sincère est l'âlégresse  
 D'embrasser un Héros, qui cherche la sagesse.  
 Comme Cyrus jadis parcourut l'univers,  
 Comme le pie Enée a passé aux enfers;  
 Que tes progrès, Grand Roi, trouvent de tels auspices:  
 Que toutes les neuf Seurs te soient aussi propices;  
 Qu'elles t'enseignent l'art de recueillir le fruit,  
 Qui rend parmi les rois le plus sublime esprit;  
 De balancer partout les loix et les manieres,  
 Que la finesse admire, avecque les grossieres.  
 Ici la liberté a fixé son séjour,  
 Et la licence émule y établit sa cour:  
 Là, sous l'oppression, les malheureux gémissent.  
 Garde le beau milieu: que les tiens te bénissent.

Non



Non seulement les tiens : les sages souverains  
 Se trouvent nés aussi les pères des humains ;  
 Se doivent tôt montrer dignes de la couronne :  
 Leur règne fait envie à ce qui l'environne.  
 La paix et l'abondance y rient dans les champs :  
 La ville policée a d'heureux habitants.  
 La justice y brandit l'épée flamboyante,  
 Et la clémence encore en victoires augmente.  
 Le savoir honoré éclaire tous les lieux,  
 Et la vertu chérie en fait l'état des dieux.  
 De ce plan le héros se sent jouir d'avance,  
 Et l'homme achèvera ce que l'enfant commence.

Ces vers se présentent, avec le profond respect,

Le 11<sup>me</sup> Oct. 1768.

Par JACQUES ELPHINSTON.

Regi Danorum et Norvegerum præstantissimo, CHRISTIANO  
 SEPTIMO.

Te salvere jubet, juvenis rex, Albion hospes ;  
 Quo te cunque vocat sapientia, blande viator !  
 Ut varias Cyrus terras lustravit et urbes,  
 Colchida ut accessit captator velleris aurei ;  
 Prospera sic tibi sint lustramina : sic capiasque  
 Fructum, qui magnam regnandi perdocet artem.  
 Tu mores hominum nec non scrutabere leges,  
 Multorum et regum fugienda sequendaque discas.  
 En ! ubi libertas sedes sibi cara locavit,  
 In dominos effrena furit violentia blandos.  
 Eccubi durities gemitum dispendere gaudet !  
 Inter utramque tene : sic teque tuosque beabis.  
 Cumque suis, lapsa poterit succurrere sæclo  
 Numinis armipotens summi sapiensque minister.  
 Illum inter reges totus mirabitur orbis,  
 Regnaque rivalet extollent hospita gentes :  
 Pax ubi tam cultos hilarant et copia campos,  
 Urbs ubi quæque nitet certâ ratione modoque.

Hic

Hic ensem dirum Rhamnusia virgo coruscat,  
Altiùs hic gratam clementia sustulit aram.  
Almos usque locos radians doctrina fovebit,  
Virtusque in sanctâ reddet sua munera terrâ.  
Talibus in terris, rex Cyro carior orbi,  
Quae puer antetulit, senio peragenda relinquit.

Hosce qualescunque versiculos

D. D. C. Q.

5 Idus Octobres,

JACOBUS ELPHINSTON,

A. D. 1768.

Scoto-Britannus.

The Courts procede :

*Monthly Review* : October, 1768.

“ *Verses, English, French, and Latin, presented to the King of Denmark* : by J. E.

‘ In this threefold compliment to his Danish majesty, the Poet gives the young Monarch to understand, that the real motive of his journey to England is not unknown to him, the said Poet ; for that the said Monarch,

Roams each region, Wisdom to explore.

From this intelligence, however, may not a sorrowful conclusion be drawn by us Englishmen ? for behold ! tho’ the royal traveller staid so long with us, and seemed to lose no time, in the pursuit of what he sought ; yet we find he still continues to search. Better luck betide him in France ! But we are afraid that, if he should not, after all, on his return find the venerable old Lady at Copenhagen, he may despair of meeting with her at any other Court in Europe.

N. B. His Danish Majesty, while in this country, did not visit Scotland.”\*

“ *Critical Review* ; October, 1768.

*Verses* — as above.

‘ Among the other equally elegant compliments in the three copies of verses mentioned in the title-page ; Mr. Elphinston

\* *What country did the Critic visit, when he said so ?*



phinston praises his Danish Majesty for going, like Æneas, to hell in search of knowledge :

‘ Comme le pie Enée a passé aux enfers.’

The contents of the three copies are the same ; like calves feet drest under puff-paste, pinched in different fashions.”

Here *dark things* must face *the light*. The Printer and President of the *Critical Review* had inadvertently appointed a yet unmolded Member to pronounce upon the Verses. *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*. No man can be a Reviewer at once. The puny Judge knew no better than to read, at the board, the following Sentence, here copied from the archetype.

‘ It gives us pleasure to find, that our late royal Visitor  
‘ was complimented in British Poetry. A genuine address,  
‘ from the Muses, is more honourable to a Monarch, than all  
‘ the customary marks of respect, which cities or corporations  
‘ can bestow. It can inspire with great ideas, and make  
‘ impressions on the mind, that may redound to the happi-  
‘ ness and glory of kingdoms.

‘ These Verses are elegant, and sentimental ; and the pu-  
‘ rity of style, in which they appear in three languages, En-  
‘ glish, French, and Latin, affords additional proof of the  
‘ poetical talents, and versatility of genius of this learned  
‘ Linguist and Grammarian, as well as of his important abi-  
‘ lities for conducting an Academy with applause. We in-  
‘ sert the Latin Copy as a Classical Composition.

‘ Te salvere jubet, &c.”

A *Young*, a *Walker*, or any other Novice, could have presented nothing more forain or more provoking to the spirit of either Tribunal. Unanimously was so untrammelled an opinion reprobated ; and a thorough-paced itager for the shrewd little sentence was without difficulty found.

Laugh might both Sisters for a moment. But the French have a wicked proverb ; *Rira bien, qui rira le dernier* : which pointedly retorts on the laugher : *All is well, that ends well*. Every party was not pleased. Soon as possible appeared, in the most respectable part of each most respectable paper ;

“ To the Printer.

S I R,

As a good name is better than riches, it seems but justice to the Public to exhibit, by the channel of your candid Paper, certain abuses, which, in this land of liberty alone, remain hitherto unrestrained; however subversive of knowlege, or defamatory to the promoters of it. True it is, that no other, than the ignorant or unwary, can be seduced or satisfied by the verdicts of self-elevated Judicatures, called the *Monthly* and *Critical Reviews*; which have long been noted for blaspheming Authors excellent, and canonizing the execrable: as incontestably appeared from the very examples produced some years ago, in an *Apology* for those Tribunals. But, as the readers, who can or will judge for themselves, are in any country a moderate number; it becomes necessary as well as equitable, to caution the great majority, how they follow Guides, who have been often found incapable of leading them right, and have been occasionally detected in the design of leading them astray. A striking instance of both I here produce, who never before addressed the Public in the first Person; nor should now on so ungratefull a subject, but that, while the Law screens all else from calumny, Letters alone must take what care they can of themselves. The *Monthly Review*, which had abused me eight different times within these 14 years, merely because its Printer, by alliance at least, owed me every friendship, where no alliance could justify the smallest favor; has, last October, done me the honor of abusing the King of Denmark along with me; because I dared to address, to that incomparable Prince, a dozen honorary Ditties; which, tho' couched in three languages, could claim no general notice, yet feared no public censure. Not, that the *Monthly* attempted, more than the *Critical*, to criticize: the business was of both to blast, with a sneer, (quite innocent of wit) the name they could not brook in  
three



three tongues at the bottom. The Printer of the *Critical* indeed, having, Elisha-like, received the spirit, even previous to the mantle of his Master, has for once in dexterity, if not in diligence, outdone him. One will perhaps say, tho' probably neither can with truth, and surely neither with satisfaction to Law human or divine; that he knew nothing of the sneer he printed, at once on a sublime stranger, and an humble brother. The other dare not deny his peculiar exertion against one, whom he has now, for want of more opportunities, abused but a fourth time. He dare not deny, that the Gentleman, whom he had employed against my verses and me, sent him a Criticism and Specimen entirely favorable to the Verses and their Author: which Criticism and Specimen the said Printer of the *Critical Review* suppressed for that reason; and had immediate recourse to some more tractable Member, who produced what was printed; a paragraph of equal spirit with that of the *Monthly*. Both showed (one quoting a part, and the other the whole, of a line) that the Critics were alike incapable of understanding the Verses in whatever language, and alike desirous that nobody else should. If *Monthly Critics* catch such contagion from each other, no wonder that they communicate it to the *weekly*; or that such subaltern Judges, as those of the *Ledger*, should deem it their duty to pronounce without scruple or specimen, on the joint authority of their betters, my incapacity in any one of the Languages, which are known to be as essential to me, as his Prefs to a Printer.

I am, Sir, &c.

Kensington, Dec. 6. 1768.

JAMES ELPHINSTON."

This reluctant Letter had, for some years, such operation, as may this extorted Pamphlet have for ever! It reduced both *Reviews* to some small sense of decency. The *Critical* had, in the last case, been evinced, the more actively criminal. She seemed therefore to seize the first opportunity of inviting into the right way, that elder sister, who had so often led her out of it.

“ *Critical Review*: June, 1771.

*Animadversions upon Elements of Criticism; calculated equally for the benefit of that celebrated work, and the improvement of English Style: with an Appendix on Scoticism.* By JAMES ELPHINSTON.

‘ When a writer has raised himself to some eminence in the republic of letters, and his character for taste and learning is fully established; the lustre of his reputation is apt to dazzle the understanding; and, where he goes wrong, to mislead the judgment of his readers, into every mistake he has committed. Even those, whom nature and education have endued with faculties, for judging in works of taste; too frequently suspend the exercise of them, while they peruse the writings of a celebrated critic; and pay a kind of idolatrous worship to his opinion, by an implicit admiration or dislike, according as he approves or condemns. This being considered, the present performance may be reckoned of some utility to the public; especially to such as admire the writings of Lord Kaimes; were it only by obliging them to employ their own judgment, in examining the passages here called in question; and to vindicate their understandings from that voluntary slavery, to which the greater part of readers usually subject themselves.

The Author has reduced those passages, which are the subject of his remarks, under three heads: viz. 1. Principles controvertible; 2. Criticisms criticisable; and 3. Improperities of style, which he has collected under these ten different species: 1. Misarrangement. 2. Redundance. 3. Defect. 4. Cacophony. 5. Familiarity. 6. Misapplication. 7. Antiquation. 8. Scoticism. 9. Imprecision. 10. Anomaly.

Among the passages of various authors censured by Lord Kaimes, Mr. Elphinston has mentioned several, concerning which he disputes the justice of his Lordship’s criticism: frequently with very good reason, particularly as to those quoted in pages 17. and 18. The reader may judge of the following.

His lordship, after laying down this rule; ‘ It is not less strained to apply to a subject in its present state, an epithet that may belong to it in some future state;’ gives these examples:

‘ — *submersasque obrue puppes.*

AEn. I. 73.

‘ And mighty ruins fall.

Il. V. 411.

Here our author very properly observes, that it is not a strained, but a natural and pleasing, as highly poetical anticipation.

The



The next rule laid down by the Author of the Elements is, ' that the property of one subject ought not to be bestowed upon another, with which that property is incongruous.' This he imagines to be violated in the following instances:

' *K. Rich* ——— How dare thy joints forget  
To pay their awful duty to our presence?

Rich. II. iii. 6.

His lordship has blamed this expression, merely for want of considering that *awful* signifies *respectful*, or full of awe, as well as apt to fill with it; as in these lines of Waller:

' A greater favour this disorder brought,  
Unto her servants, than their awful thought  
Durst entertain.'

' ——— forbent avidae praecordia flammae.

Ov. Met. IX. 172.

imitated:

' A stubborn and unconquerable flame  
Creeps in his veins, and drinks the streams of life.

Lady Jane Gray, l. 1.

' ——— fed magis

Pugnas, et exactos tyrannos,  
Densum humeris bibit aure vulgus.

Hor. Carm. II. 13.

' Phemius! let acts of gods and heroes old,  
What ancient bards in hall and bow'r have told;  
Attemper'd to the lyre, your voice employ:  
Such the pleas'd ear will drink with silent joy.

Odyf. I. 433.

' ——— neque audit currus habenas.

Georg. I. 514.

There is a boldness in these expressions; but a happy boldness, adapted to poetry; and, instead of censure, deserving the highest encomiums.

Far the greater part of this treatise consists of animadversions on the style of his lordship's criticisms; in which the author has remarked a number of inaccuracies, as in the following examples.

' Paradise Lost: in which work there are indeed many careless lines; but at every turn it shines out in the richest melody, as well as in the sublimest sentiments.' Here we agree with Mr. Elphinston, that *shining out in melody* is a very odd metaphor, which can never convey any idea to the reader.

' An overgrown chariot.' As a chariot has no growth at all, it is not in danger of overgrowing. His lordship's commentator

mentator has therefore substituted the word *enormous*, which expresses the meaning much more properly.

Our author, however, seems sometimes to have mistaken preciseness for precision; as where he places in his list of redundancies these expressions:—‘we feel a sensible pleasure;—his wife and children inhumanly murdered by the tyrant;—want of variety is sensibly felt.’ He knows that *sentio* in English signifies to *feel*, and therefore imagines, that to *feel sensibly* must be pleonastic. But this is only in appearance; for the word *sensibly* greatly strengthens and augments the signification; so that, when he alters the phrase last quoted into—‘want of variety is felt,’ he does not fully express the meaning; and when into—‘want of variety is strongly felt,’ he expresses it worse.

Several of these animadversions may appear trivial; and the reader, perhaps, will think it somewhat whimsical to propose for the improvement of the English style the alteration of *poignant* and *centinel* into *poinant* and *sentinel*. Mr. Elphinston, however, seems to have studied the English language with great attention, and to possess an extensive knowledge of grammatical exactness and propriety.”

“ *Monthly Review*: July, 1771.

*Animadversions*—and so on.

‘The Author of this publication does not seem to be unacquainted with the principles of the English language; and his animadversions may answer, in some measure, the ends proposed by them. We must observe, however, that he appears to us to have conceived too high an opinion of the work he has criticised; which, with regard to composition, in particular, is extremely defective: it no where attains to the praise of Elegance; and it every where abounds with grammatical inaccuracies, and colloquial impurities.”

Here is the poor *Monthly* dragged into such an acknowledgement, as amounts (by a favorite figure with her) to the more effective\* denial of the Animadverters acquaintance with the *Principles of the English Language*. But, rather than no way directly blame, where she durst not attack him; she will throw on a work, she elsewhere pretends to honor, such a censure as is alike incompatible with the general opinion of the world, and with her own former decisions. Long, labored, and candid was indeed her Analysis of *Elements of Criticism*:

\* Not the first: see page 55.



*Criticism*: a work, which, had it not seemed, with all its faults, the masterpiece of its Author, had never attracted the *Animadversions*. In the Conclusion of the *Monthly's* account of it (*August*, 1762) she thus pronounced: 'With respect to the language, we must observe, that though it is *correct* and *nervous*, yet it wants that ease and harmony, which seem requisite in so liberal a disquisition.'

On the other hand, the *Critical Review* has in her discussion shown, what light must beam upon every mind, when the gloom of malevolence is withdrawn. She is no longer her former self. The first paragraph of this criticism is perhaps the most masterly in her volumes. Her accurate sketch of the little work is candid, luminous, and rational; till she fancies her honor one way or other concerned to dissent from two or three of the smaller *Animadversions*.

Some translators think their genius will be unknown, if they soar not out of sight of their Author, or start not aside from him. Some Critics fear imputation, whether on their skill, their candor, or their attention; if, in a work of uniform excellence, they find not, or show not, a little of that weakness, which may but too easily be found in every composition, as in every composer. But this, tho' generally the easiest, is sometimes the most dangerous task; as, of all Critical tasks, (so Heaven guide the Writer!) must be that of the *Hypercritic*. Yet, as they, who go a fault-hunting, are seldom sportsmen; and have no chance for great game; so the Critics (alone deserving the name) who seek, and rejoice to find, beauties; must not shut their eyes, or their mouths, to the blemishes; which are, by the benign Author of purity and perfection, appointed to flow upon or near the surface; as if for the ready removal of the generous finder. Critics therefore, when not *burning and shining lights*, do but expose their own darkness. Where they fail to exhibit any part of demonstrable excellence, or affect exhibition of dubious drawbacks; where they cannot ballance their own skill, against that of the genius they judge; or, not knowing themselves,

themselves, cannot estimate others; they do equal injustice to their author, and to the public; while they proportionably endanger themselves. Nor can the present writer but feelingly regret, tho' he will not *sensibly feel*, that the first civil and sensible Critic he had found, during seventeen years, in either *Review*, should not have known on what ground he trod firmly; or should have ventured to try, with a wrestler, whose art he was announcing, some petty feats of personal strength.

But alas! this *Reviewer*, with such heart and such head, was onely for a penitential, or prudential, season. Almost a dozen years advanced with little or no publication from the obnoxious name. Half that time had been cheared in retirement, by the delightfull task of translating MARTIAL, into every adapted species of English Verse, of now first arranging his Epigrams into the order at once of subject and of time; and of illustrating them by a Comment, introductory, in one, to every Poet; so, more or less, to all Antiquity. No expence appeared great, that could prove conducive to the due naturalisation, of a MORALIST, perhaps the truest WIT, of the ancient world. Nor sufficed to Curiosity the features of his mind. His very countenance, unknown to modern times, has his Translator fortunately explored in an authentic Gem: which, no less happily augmented into a Medallion for the Frontispice, must obviously evince *the improved state of British art*; and do as lasting honor to the name of CALDWALL,\* as pleasure to the admirers of MARTIAL. But vain as is good Copy, without a good Printer; lost were half the merit of the finest Engraver, without the skill and fidelity of a HIXON.† Thus preparing, and prepared, was the Guinea-volume invited by one of the most illustrious Subscriptions, that ever honored a Poet; or a Translator and Commentator, too well known not to be allowed able as interested to do, the Poet and the Public,

\* *Angel-Court, Great Windmil-street.*

† *Cecil-street, Strand.*



Public, justice. With such prospect and reception did English MARTIAL appear at London, in 1782, on the *Calends* (or first day) of March, the birthday of *Martialis*. For the honor of England, the Poets corner of the *Morning-Post* raised the first acclaim, on St. Georges day; which blessed Saint offered himself such a tutelar to MARTIAL, as he once did to Athanasius: nor was the event dissimilar. An Epigram thus hailed the Epigrammatist:

On the new Translation of MARTIAL.

*The Ides of March*, as Roman annals show,  
Gave MARTIAL birth some hundred years ago.  
At the same season E ——— N thought fit  
To mar his *fire*, his *point*, his *sense*, his *wit*.  
Ah, fatal Ides! and hateful still to name;  
Fatal to *Cesar's* life, and *Martial's* fame.

C ———

In the same paper and place appeared, the fourth day after,

On a late CRITIC.

In Classic lore himself *Cecilian* prides,  
Transferring *Martials* birth to *Marches Ides*.  
With equal skill the arch Observer hit,  
That modern MARTIAL marr'd primeval wit.  
So be *Cecilian* hail'd, by age and youth;  
The judge of Genius, and the torch of Truth!

M ———

Martial having thus once more cleared his way, proceeded unassailed, till the feast of *St. Andrew*; when a new (if not the same) conciliatory Genius proposed, in the following Criticism, a reunion of the kingdoms.

“ *Monthly Review*: November, 1782.

*The Epigrams of M. Val. Martial*, in Twelve Books; with a Comment: By JAMES ELPHINSTON, 4to, 1l. 1s. Boards.

“ There is scarcely any poet of antiquity, the whole of whose works will less bear to be translated, or indeed

K

seem

seem less to deserve it, than Martial's. Though many of his epigrams are excellent, there are still more that are, or at least now appear to be, execrable. The spirit of an epigram so frequently depends on verbal coincidence, idiomatical propriety, local or temporary allusions, that time or transference into a different language generally evaporates it. Having just hinted our opinion of Martial as a *translatable* author, let us next consider his translator. It is obvious that the style of epigram, perhaps more than of any other species of composition, ought to be easy, elegant, perspicuous, and concise. How far Mr. Elphinston possesses these requisites, may be seen from the following specimens, which are impartially taken from the first place where the book chanced to open :

LXXXIV. *To his Book : For Artanus,*

Nor yet empurpled, nor polite,  
From the dry pumice' grating bite ;  
Thou hi'st ARTANUS to attend,  
From whom bright Narbo *dains* to send ;  
T'enforce the justice of the Gods,  
And prop the laws with equal rods.  
Hail, NARBO, hail ! supremely blest,  
Of such a progeny possesse !  
ARTANUS, born to think and say :  
Learn'd VOTIENUS, for the lay.  
Go then, my child ; thy wishes crown,  
In such a friend, and such a town.  
How just a joy would light my look,  
Could I but now become my book !

LXXXV. *To Lausus ; On Vienna in Gaul,*

VIENNA fair delights to con my lays.  
Nor can we *dout*, what honest rumour says.  
There am I *red* by ancient, youth, and boy ;  
By the chaste dame, before her jealous Joy.  
This gives the Rhone and me more rapid course,  
Than, if they quaff, who quaff the Nilian source ;  
Than, if my Tagus pour'd his golden bed,  
My bees if Hybla or Hymettus fed.  
Some little then are we ; nor us deceive  
The pow'rs of song : thee, LAUSUS, I'll believe.'

Should the delicacy of a musical ear be offended with such harsh metre as this, how will it relish Mr. Elphinston's prose ?

' Epigram admitting, in all languages, all measures, as well as all subjects ; we cannot wonder if a wit, that has flashed on every theme, have adopted every species of Latin verification,



versification, that could most pleasingly point his morals, and most *poinantly* couch his jokes. Tho' he sometimes therefore chooses the Iambic stanza; to both parts of which, the modern tongues, especially ours, *ow* their principal measures; and often the Scazontian, when the Muse would seem to *halt* nearer to prose, in order perhaps to move with double majesty; his favorite *meter* for gaiety, is *doutless* the Phaleucian (or Phalecian); as, for solemnity, tenderness, every purpose; the elegiac distic. Neither is pure heroic, as himself demonstrates, beyond the reach of epigram.

' That MARTIAL might, in English, meet like adaptation; every possible measure, and suitable stanza, have been with attention employed: the Iambic in various size, susceptible, not *only* of the grave and the grand: its reverse, however near; the Trochaic, expressive of sprightly strains; and the Anapestic, or Dactylian, differing also, but by a short (or weak) syllable; if not absolutely excluding elevated themes, obviously more suited to the jovial song. But, as all measures may prove occasionally Lyric; tho' our pentameter and hexameter (or five and six-foot) Iambic be appropriated to the heroic lyre; the shorter Iambics, no less than the Trochaics, and the Dactylians or Anapestic; admit respective music; familiar to the British, as were the Latin modulations to a Roman ear. In either language, he that runs, may read; and he that reads, may sing.

' If thus, in manner as in matter, MARTIAL own justice attempted him; it will neither be unacceptable to the knowing, nor unavailing to the ignorant; to find (perhaps for the first time) in a work comprising much above ten thousand lines of English verse; that, on every rime and stress, as well as (it is hoped) on every term and phrase, the reader may securely depend.'

Notwithstanding the confidence with which we are told, that on every rhyme and stress, and term and phrase, the reader may securely depend; we will venture to say, that language like this is such as never was spoken, such as never before was written, and, we are sorry to add, such as never will be read, excepting, indeed, by Reviewers, who are unfortunately condemned to read every thing. It is in short such language as could only have been expected from a Laputan compositor, who puts his words together by the assistance of a machine."

Here, as usual, Criticism is not attempted. The attack is therefore, as formerly on *Racine*, Lord *Kaims*, and *the King of Denmark*; now on *Martial*, a mere feint; in order to cover a new double-banded bolt, aimed at the head and heart of *Elphinston*. Both however still are safer, than the

head of poor *Priscian*; which, battered in almost every part of every *Review*, is here twice broken in the first sentence. But both first and second periods have a far worse fault: that of the most palpable, yet unblushing, as envenomed falsehood. The words, *now appear to be*, have that happy double-meaning, which the father of falsehood, and *accuser of the brethren*, has ever lent his votaries; as a sword to cut either, or any way. By this convenient figure, called the *ambiguous*, the word *whole* in the first line would insinuate, that *the whole of Martials works* (as promised, perhaps published, by a late translator into Italian prose) will be found in the English Volume. The Preface announces *all that can now appear with propriety*, and accounts for the omission of the few beside. No Critic, that knew or chose his Readers should know, would have affirmed, as in the third sentence, that *time, or transfusion, generally evaporates the spirit, of an ancient epigram*. Epigrammatists, who in any age (tho' in no age any) like *Martial*, painted mankind, painted alike for all ages, and rendered their wit lasting as their species. *Martial* thus acquitted; the grand object, his *translator*, becomes the defendant. *It is neither obvious, nor true, that the style of any species of composition, ought (even perhaps) more than another, to be easy, elegant, perspicuous*. Concise indeed epigram must be; but, should not all else? After hinting those questionless *requisites to the style of epigram*; our Critic, ever personal, proceeds to show *how far Mr. Elphinston possesses them*. This he says, *may be seen from two specimens, impartially taken from the first place that chanced to open*. Chance will do wond'rous things; but our present Critic must bring other evidence, even for probabilities. That the two epigrams were *chosen*, because one must be *uncouth*, the other *unintelligible*, without Comment; is as absolutely (not to say morally) certain, as that the *Reviewer* was determined not to mention perhaps the largest and most lucid *Comment* ever bestowed on *Martial*; was determined not to allow the English, even the light of the Latin: a justice he knew indis-  
pensable,



dispensable, as shown by himself in the following Article;\* where the candor, displayed, seems contrasted to the cruelty of this. They that want the original, either of *Grotius* or of *Martial*, know doubtless where to find it; but the usages alluded to, in the former *accidental* epigram, if examined or exhibited with sense or integrity, would have been elucidated from the word *volume*; which, in page 526. column 2. emits the following rays:

‘ A book was rolled on a pin, chiefly of cedar, box, or cypress; and thence drew the name of roll, scroll, or *volume*. The extremities of the roller, on which one end of the skin or paper was pasted, were termed, from appearance, *navels*. Appended ornamental handles of horn, wood, or ivory, sometimes tipped with silver or gold, were denominated *horns*. The title was distinguished by *rubrics*, or red letters. *Pumice* smoothed the edges, or *frontlets*, of the scroll; and *purple* often clothed it. Nor onely was the roller, preferably, of *cedar*: the oil, of that fragrant wood, was sometimes poured on the volume, to preserve it from worms, or decay; and so became an emblem of immortality.’

Of the two little notes on the two little epigrams, one was not necessary to any sort of scholar; tho’, before the *number* of an epigram, that of the book became just as desirable, as the name of a street, along with the figures, that point the habitation. Be it therefore known, that in Book II. are the numbers 84, and 85. which refer, not uselessly, to p. 534.

‘ LXXXIV. 4. *Narbo* (now *Narbonne*) the capital of the Narbonensian Gaul, was a Roman colony, administered on the model of Rome. August are still the remains.

LXXXV. 1. *Vienna*, in *Gaul*; now *Vienne*, in *Dauphiny*; coincides thus with the Austrian capital *Vienna*, that anciently was *Vindobona*.

*Lausus*

\* Hugo Grotius, on the Truth of Christianity: *familiarly translated by Spencer Madan, Esquire.*

*Lausus* (last) makes an affirmation XII. vii. 1. answered in the next line :

For thirty bad epigrams here you may look.

If as many good ones, it is a good book.\*

to which the point, of the latter epigram quoted, luminously refers. You are welcome to your number : it is plain I have mine.

But light is not the object of a *Reviewer*, when darkness alone is decreed ; whether, by *innocent* omission, like that of the Comment ; or by typographic *accident*, like the first word of the fourth line to *Artanus* ; where *From*, so *happily* displacing *For*, renders Mr. Elphinstons verse the true *no-meaning* wanted. Nor need the *Anapestic*, p. 75. l. 22. be mentioned ; as it probably was not known to be less proper there, or less harmonious, than *Anapestics*.

That such a *Reviewer* can turn the honey, of *Hybla* or *Hy-mettus*, into gall ; is as demonstrable, as that he can magically turn the most *melodious* lines, whether of verse or prose, into *harshness* : *jar* being the essence of his soul, he has but to cast his eye upon them, tho' he try not to tune\* them with his tongue.

If *chance* so well pointed the verse to be chosen ; no attention surely selected the prose, from the first page of the Preface. Dark indeed was the former, without elucidation ; but, insensible to the hint of *discrepant*, stood the readers of the latter. The majority, even of the *Monthly's* hearers, thought the three paragraphs sounded like something. The few, that without conjuration comprehended their meaning ; smiled, tho' they durst not laugh, to perceive that their Instructor, who had carefully avoided suspecting the work of any plan, should have stumbled upon the clearest, completest and concisest possible, scale of the mutual measures ; and made himself the unwary herald of such a *challenge*, as was never perhaps before given to the literary world ; so compacted in every part, that all the *Compositors* of *Laputa*, or  
the

\* P. 36. l. 25.



the united force of *Reviews*, could neither *discompose* nor *deform* it: *such a challenge*, as the enlightened will be proud to second, and the rest will scarce be dark enough to accept.

Well it was, that his evil Genius had not also driven him, so far as the sixth page of the Preface: for thence he might, with like fatality, have *exposed*, in one paragraph, the whole *Plan* of the work. But there he could have found nothing so terrific, as *Trochaics* and *Anapestics*: nor was he, who panted to damp all appetite, in danger of presenting such a *bill of fare*, as this:

“ The *first* book devoted, as due, to his imperial patron;  
 ‘ the *next* proved, naturally, sacred to the honor and enter-  
 ‘ tainment of friends. Never had genius greater, more nu-  
 ‘ merous, or more deserved. Horace and Virgil, happy in  
 ‘ each other, beamed in no such constellation. With MAR-  
 ‘ TIAL have come down, as joint claimants of praise; Ju-  
 ‘ venal, Valerius Flaccus, and Silius; Quintilian, his  
 ‘ pupil Pliny, Elian, and Frontinus. His other honored  
 ‘ intimates the Poet has rendered ours. The *third* object  
 ‘ was his own Muse; whom he vindicates from assailants,  
 ‘ and contrasts to rivals. As MARTIAL was perhaps the  
 ‘ first moralist; he was questionless the first *mannerist*, of the  
 ‘ ancients. The Romans did he eye, and delineate from  
 ‘ their origin. The *fourth* Book commences their man-  
 ‘ ners: the former part arranging certain historical anec-  
 ‘ dotes, and incidents; the latter exhibiting characters and  
 ‘ characteristics. The *fifth* touches the various ranks, and  
 ‘ pecuniary relations, of life. The *sixth* shows, in one part,  
 ‘ luxury, the possible child; but the natural parent, of beg-  
 ‘ gary; as beggary, of theft: in the other two, rallies the  
 ‘ looseness of either sex. The *seventh* throws various light,  
 ‘ on the convivial manners of the Romans. The *eighteth* il-  
 ‘ lustrates the Saturnalian, and Consanguineal, Festivals; in  
 ‘ the second part, the Natal and Nuptial; not unnaturally  
 ‘ followed, in the *ninth* book, by the Funeral Celebrations.  
 ‘ To the Saturnalians belong the *tenth* and *eleventh* books;  
 ‘ which, in the *Hospitalities*, and *Carrioffables*, afford the  
 ‘ amplest,

‘ amplest, if concisest, collection, of what may be con-  
 ‘ junctlyn amed *Pandects*, or summaries, of Roman Antiqui-  
 ‘ ty: the eatables, drinkables, wearables, and movables,  
 ‘ of the Romans. The *twelfth* book, considering distic as  
 ‘ an extemporaneous performance; has digested all MAR-  
 ‘ TIALS other two-line Epigrams, into an abridgement of the  
 ‘ nine books. Of the three last, couching historic with mo-  
 ‘ ral sentiment, in Epigrams most Laconic form; it may be  
 ‘ observed, that no other is perhaps so capable of lending to  
 ‘ fugitive matters stability; or, of preserving cursory hints,  
 ‘ by the salt ever sprinkled upon them.”

No less wisely did he wish to suppress every idea of the COMMENT; which, tho’ adapted to the order, as peculiar elucidation, of MARTIAL; exhibits, by an analytic Index, ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY, Poetic Astronomy; Heroes and Heroines; Historical Groups—ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY: in the Seas, Lakes, Straits, Fountains, Rivers: Regions, Islands, Almost-islands, Mountains, Cities, of the three Continents; to their great Mistress, ROME: her Ways, Streets, Structures; Constitution; Festivals, Games, Dress, Money, Time; Religion, Law; Customs, Manners; Letters.

The Italic figure did, with wonted taste, variegate the semblance: yet here too, like the other devices, counteracting the *beautifull* design. The effect indeed was no less uniform, than the cause. The Muses seeming to *halt*, in order to move with *majesty*, had a pretty promising look of the ridiculous: an ostensible reason for the choice! But, *Reviewers* being equally qualified, to analyse Greek, and to scan Latin; this could be a blunder onely to such readers, as their Masters had by *mere accident* forboren to inform, that the *Scaxontian*, or *Choliambic*, means neither more nor less than the *halting* or slow-paced Iambic; which, by the Iamb in the fifth, and the Spondee in the sixth place, assumes a solemnity beyond other Iambic verse. As for the *meters*; *dimeter* and *trimeter*, *tetrameter*, *pentameter* and *hexameter*; they ply not at the Critics *key*: which last word the Western Britons, and Irish, express like (as from)



from) the French *quay*. He knew indeed a *coal-meter*, and perhaps a *corn-meter*; but, had he met with *salt-peter*, he would have *sworen* poor *Peter* salted. That *onely* represents the sound, as well as it did a hundred years ago; he will possibly admit: but, what has sound to do with representation or picture with original? That they have now no mutual connexion, whatever they may have had, in the less *improved state of British literature*; is evident from this: a century or two ago Britons *saw*, because they *said*, *one* and *onely*. They now see (glorious change!) because they say not, *one* and *only*: for they say *swon* and *onely*; the essence (or sound) of the former, being now coincident with the preterite of *win*; and that of the latter remaining unaltered, but by Ignorance, perhaps in her worst shape, Affectation. *One*, changed, therefore remains: *onely* remains, therefore changed!

*Poinant* is the English, as *poignant* the French sound therefore *poignant* (says a *Reviewer*) is the English; and *poinant*, consequentially, the French word. Because the French must write *daigner* and *dédaigner*; the English should write *deign*, not *dain*; and *disdain*, not *disdeign*. Such is the *improved state of English Analogy*! Because the French wrote the Latin *b*, in *debte* and *doubte*; till they found, that French was not Latin; and that *detts* and *doute* were their words: of consequence, Britain, who with like reason imported the *b* from France, as France had from Rome; ought, in *debt* and *doubt*, so to revere it, as to shake with merriment or convulse with horror, when the *real* English words, *det* and *dout*, are bold enough to appear. *Ow*, like *aw*, not filling *the eye* (which is *not* always *satisfied with seeing*, *neither the ear with hearing*); they ought each to have at least three letters, which they cannot have; to be even with *low* and *law*, that have three indispensable. *Led* the metal, as well as preterite; and *red* the preterite, as well as color; must, infallibly as impracticably, continue *lead*

I.

and.

and *read*; because the verbs *to lead* and *to read* necessarily do so. Such is *the improved state* of our literary logic!

Since *rime* and *distic* have passed unitalified, it were ungenerous to ask (if not for the love of information) why *rhime*, not *rhyme*, or *rythm*, or *rythme*? and it might look like revenge, or contagious improvement, to brand in this Review, *metre*, *one*, *only*, *doubt*, *rumour*, and their fellows. But, since the learned Critic has himself called attention to *translateable*; it were an indignity not to admire his *notable* skill in the very elements of *writing*.

In *ethic*, *logic*, and *etymologic* discussions, has the *Monthly* alike on this, and on former occasions, distinguished herself. But never had she so glorious an opportunity of attempting to blast, with the breath of a sneer, the honest labor of so many years; the important object, of so illustrious encouragement; the disputeless honors, of an unfoiled veteran, in the united service of Learning, Virtue, and Wit. The very failure of such an effort, has a glory like Phaetons, beyond all example, or emulation; unless perhaps that of her Sister. Without venturing to criticize one idea, word, sentence, or line; the modest *Monthly* seems indeed oracularly inspired in the final fulmination: in which she does *venture to pronounce the language such as never was spoken, or before written* (trembling lest both be true) and *such as she is sorry* (she cannot hope) *will never be red*: like the son of Beor, madding to curse, but empowered onely to bless; whether by ambiguity, ellipse, irony, or that figure, which denies a predication; merely to enforce, or augment it.

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Preternatural gifts, like the natural powers of electricity, communicate themselves, in a chain, to greater and smaller publications. Certain it is, that the *Monthly Review* of Nov. 30. transfused the whole spirit of the last fulmination into one of the boldest and best supported ironies, that ever swelled the mouth of a Pythian.

“ *Westminster-*



*Westminster-Magazine*: December, 1782.

*The Epigrams of M. V. Martial*—as before.

‘ This is a most unfortunate publication. The translator does not understand his author; has no powers of versification; and, when he composes in prose, displays a phraseology repugnant to common sense, destitute of every pretension to elegance; and so utterly depraved with regard to arrangement, as to be disgusting and execrable in the greatest degree. Though loaded and grovelling with imperfections and even folly; Mr. Elphinston seems to be impressed with a notion that his knowledge is masterly, and that his abilities are supereminent. This completes the ridicule of his book; and, if one’s humanity was not interested for the author, it might be proper to recommend his performance, as an example of the highest perfection of literary turpitude.”

Various have been the conjectures, concerning this meteor of Criticism. Some philosophers hold it neither more nor less, than a natural emanation of the *Monthly*. Some take the Performer to have been explored by that sagacious Tribunal, as the single hand capable of drawing her fulmination to a focus. Some, on the contrary, shrewdly imagine the Genius to have been procured by the Object, (if it be not his own;) in order to reflect the bolt, on the hand that shot it. Of this however the said Object declares his innocence. Certain literary Chymists, in the swelling of the compost, have detected the *puff-paste*-baker to the King of Denmark\*. But, alas! he bakes no more. His oven cooled, from the moment he had exhausted his stock, in furnishing that pretty Collation to the Royal Stranger. A Cook of similar kind, had been his predecessor; who hinted his envy of the *Petits-pâtés*,† dressed à l’*Anglaise*, by another hand, in honor of *Madame de Maintenon*. Soon after his doing this honor to a name, that had (it seems) provoked him; and civilly blaming the Lady, for her share in the provocation; a celebrated naval Genius, ever fond to do justice to merit; and of high as deserved regard, in other Courts than the

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*Critical*

\* Page 65.

† Page 18.

*Critical* or *Monthly*, contrived to accommodate this artist with secure and sequestered apartments; where he, who had been so smart on the works of others, might have at least a few months leisure to examine and correct his own. This he had not long done, when he was cited before that unerring Judge, *who shall reward every man according to his works*. Thither do thus a man's works follow him; but there neither jesting, nor passion can find place. Thither however also was quickly called the poor critical bard, whom we so justly pitied in the *Monthly Review* of the poetic\* Miscellany. For this Critic, whom we saw enraged at finding none of his own pieces in such a treasure; it may be fairly said: *Marchand qui perd, ne peut rire*. No losing Gamester laughs; unless to hide his anguish. Not like other men, is a clergyman; as this is thought to have been: he is *sacred* to veneration, or to contempt. Little did this Conjuror (whatever) allow himself to suspect, that he exposed none but himself, in the specimen he gave of his English; or that the Latin conclusion was there applicable to no other: when he uttered the sentiment——

—— *O blind self-love!*

*To what dost thou not drive conceited man!*

Of many a Doctor (divinely dark!) will sensibility exclaim, in these dregs of time, not onely *Quale dedit principium!* What a beginning! but *Quem dedit exitum!* What an end!

While thus several laborers, in both the Critical vineyards, have been summoned, to receive the justice they had not given; their employers, the masters of the press, have been indulged with the time they have doubly needed, (so may they improve it!) to repent, not onely of their own crying sins; but of the deep share they have taken, in the sins of others. Whether they hired, or *consented* to the preparers of intellectual poison; they have been the multipliers and diffusers of it. Let no land therefore boast her liberty, property, or polity; where God and the King may be blasphemed



phemed with impunity; and where the most malevolent miscreant, may keep a den of wanton assassins.

Nor can this article be better concluded than with a paragraph, which concludes the Reverend and learned, as ingenious and ingenuous, Mr. *David Malcolmes* valuable *Essay on the Antiquities of Great-Britain and Ireland*, printed at Edinburgh, in 1738.

“ I have often observed, that, when men have arrived  
 ‘ at a high degree of wealth or reputation, or both; they  
 ‘ have been too ready to bear down, especially by indirect  
 ‘ ways, the laudable endeavors of those, whom they looked  
 ‘ on as their inferiors: fearing, as it seems, lest these may  
 ‘ excel them in any one particular. This, I suppose, will  
 ‘ be frequently found in Upstarts. How happy a thing  
 ‘ would it be, if the learned would lay aside all pride and  
 ‘ envy; which so much prompt them to pull down the works  
 ‘ of each other; and would harmoniously join in rearing  
 ‘ the temple of Wisdom!”

Mr. *Malcolme* was a truly Scottish *Higblander*; and might well be allowed the *Second-Sight*; since he judged of nothing at first-sight: for, tho’ his ken was keen as his air, his prospects were extensive, as his mountains were high.

“ CRITICAL REVIEW: January, 1783.

*The Epigrams*—as before.

‘ In the long course of our Critical labours, we do not remember to have met with so large a volume containing so little to recommend it, as in \* the performance before us; nor can we sufficiently pity the fate of poor Martial, who, we think, considering the improved state of British literature, could not have fallen into much worse hands than those of the present translator. This ancient author’s Epigrams have undoubtedly their share of merit; they answer, notwithstanding, in a great measure, to his own description of them:

‘ *Sunt bona, sunt quadam mediocria, sunt mala plura.\**

the greater part being dull, obscene, and uninteresting; and if we except about fifty or sixty, which are either smart or elegant, if the rest had never come down to us, we should have had but little reason to regret their loss. Mr. Elphinston,

\* *Learned, as liberal!*

ton, however, who, we suppose, was of another opinion, has with indefatigable labour, gone through almost all of them; though amongst ten thousand lines (and we believe there are not less in this huge volume) he has so ingeniously contrived, as not to give us twenty that can afford his readers any satisfaction. Most of Martial's good Epigrams have been long since well translated: this work, therefore, appears to a great disadvantage. — Please to observe how Mr. Elphinston begins: Martial's Dedication to Domitian runs thus;

' Omnes quidem libelli mei, domine, quibus tu famam, id est, vitam dedisti, tibi supplicant, et puto propter hoc leguntur. Hic tamen, qui operis nostri octavus inscribitur, occasione pietatis frequentius fruitur. Minus itaque ingenio laborandum fuit, in cuius locum materia successerat, quam quidem subinde aliqua jocorum mistura variare tentavimus, ne cœlesti verecundiæ tuæ laudes suas, quæ facilius te fatigare possunt quam nos satiare, omnis versus ingereret. Quamvis autem epigrammata severissimis quoque, et supremæ fortunæ viris ita scripta sint, ut mimicam verborum licentiam affectasse videantur; ego tamen illis non premisi tam lascive loqui, quam solent. Cum pars libri et major et melior ad majestatem sacri nominis tui allegata sit, meminerit non nisi religionis purificatione lustratus accedere ad templa debere. Quod ut custoditurum me lecturi sciant, in ipso libelli hujus limine profiteri brevissimo placuit epigrammate.' — Which is translated into what our author, we suppose, would call English, as follows:

' All my little books, to which thou, sir, hast given fame, in another word life; lay at thy feet their supplications: and thence, I suppose, draw the public eye. This however becometh duly the first, as collecting my various and blisfull opportunities of paying my pious veneration. Less had genius then to labor, where matter so abounded; which we have indeed now and then attempted to vary, by a certain sprinkle of the jocular; lest the truths, apter to cloy the modesty of their object, than to satisfy the ardor of the singer, should prove the theme of every stanza.

' But, tho' epigrams, to the severest and sublimest characters, have been so couched, that they seem even to have affected licence; in no such wantonness have I indulged this liberal species of writing. The greater and better part of the volume being appropriated, sir, to the majesty of thy sacred name; the whole must remember, that none, beside the religiously purified, ought to approach hallowed habitations. Which principle that my Readers may know the guide of my practice, it may be no undue commencement of the work, by a laconic epigram, to profess."

*Quale*



*Quale principium dedit!* pompous, affected, and almost unintelligible: *jocorum mistura* is rendered a *sprinkle* of the *jocose*; and epigrams, he tells us, are ‘so *couched*, that they seem even to have *affected licence*.’ Who can possibly understand, that has not read the original, what Mr. Elphinston meant by *affected licence*? The whole, he says, must remember — Who are the whole? Martial only says *memerit*. But let us see what kind of dress the Epigrams appear in: of these our readers may determine the merit, when we inform them, that the few which we have selected are some of the best in the whole collection.

‘ On the Amphitheater.

‘ Her pyramids let Memphis boast no more;  
Nor Babylon extol her labors’ lore.  
In Trivia’s fane be no soft honors prais’d;  
No horned altars blest the god that rais’d.  
In Carian air vain Mausoleums hung,  
Ascend the stars no more on buoyant tongue.  
Let passing glories own the common lot;  
And fame sound one, when all shall be forgot.

‘ To Cesar.

‘ Where the colossal star would stars survey,  
And rising machinations maze their way;  
Diverg’d the courts of an invidious crown,  
And one vast house monopoliz’d a town.  
Here, where the awfull pile displays the show,  
A pond of Nero could presume to flow.  
We there the baths, the sudden boons admire;  
Where the proud lawn bade wretches’ homes retire.  
Where Claudia’s portico expands her shade,  
Was the last stand a falling palace made.  
Hail, Rome restor’d! hail, Cesar, thy rewards!  
Those are the people’s joys, that were its lord’s.

‘ To the same.

What scene sequester’d, or what rude renown,  
Sends no spectator to th’imperial town?  
The Rhodopeian hind now tempts the plains,  
And tunes from Hemus his Orphean strains.  
The Sarmat, Cesar, hies thy works to see;  
And gives the steed he swills, to share the glee.  
They come, who first the rising Nile explore;  
And they, who hear remotest Tethys roar.  
The Arab hasted, the Sabea flew;  
And the Cilician own’d his native dew.  
With tortur’d tresses here Sicambrians gay;  
There Ethiops bristling in their diverse way.

Mid

Mid various voice, but one glad voice we find,  
That hails thee father of converg'd mankind.

‘ To the same.

Fell foe to peace, and bane to placid rest;  
Of miserable wealth the mortal pest;  
The dire delating crew compos'd the train,  
With breast inscrib'd: nor could the pit contain.  
The traitor in his turn becomes the slave;  
Glad to accept the exile that he gave.  
Hail royal riddance to th' Ausonian town!  
The subjects safe the prince's glory crown.

‘ On Laureolus.

As on the Scythian rock Prometheus bound,  
Suppli'd th' assiduous bird with breast profound;  
So to Caledon's bear the bosom bends;  
While, on no feined cross, Laureolus extends.  
Still liv'd the mangled limbs, with gore distain'd;  
And in the total frame no frame remain'd.  
Nor let us wonder at the wretches pain:  
A parent, or a master, he had slain;  
Or, robbing fanes, the miscreant sought his doom;  
And set the ruthless torch to thee, O Rome.  
Beyond all figur'd crimes, his crime remov'd,  
On whom the fable fair infliction prov'd.

‘ To Cesar: on Orpheus.

What Rhodope on Orpheus' stage survey'd;  
That, mighty Cesar, has thy vale display'd.  
The rocks came reeling, and the forests danc'd;  
The whole Hesperian grove in tune advanc'd.  
Mixt with the mild was ev'ry savage thing;  
And o'er the bard hung birds of ev'ry wing.  
Ah! who inspir'd the whole? what tooth could tear?  
A bacchanal transmuted to a bear:  
And, what had fed alone wild fancy's eyes,  
That dire event the scene could realize.

‘ On Mucius Scevola.

The dauntless man, whom young and old admire,  
Who thrust his precious limbs into the fire;  
Must adamant or salamander seem,  
To those, who like Abdera's fages deem.  
But, were he bid, the tort'ring tunic by,  
Consume the hand; 'twere more to say, Not I.

Here



Here we have mausoleums hung on *buoyant* tongues, rising machinations, bristling *Æthiops*, royal riddance, and converg'd mankind. — Such obscure, far-fetched, and unaccountable phrases and expressions were surely never before put together; but the above quoted passages are nothing to what we meet with of the same kind in the course of this work. If any of our Readers are fond of the neat and elegant, we would recommend to them what follows:

' Some *coopling* screamers, young and old;  
Some Chians yellow, not with cold; —  
Some hoary greens, that are not lost;  
Altho' they own the season's rigor,  
From out my farm may *flash* a figure —  
A *blefter* boon I have not to bestow. —  
I just had *clos'd* the *never-closing* toil.'

From these few lines we may learn, what we never expected to learn, viz. that if a man is ever so *blest*, he may be *blefter*; that *never-closing* toil may be closed whenever we please; and that it is better to *flash* a figure than to *cut* one. If we prefer to every other species of writing the totally obscure and unintelligible, Mr. Elphinston can supply us with some instances that are really wonderful: such as,

' Here was the liquid limn'd with lambent oar; —  
O Appian, who thine awfull shall display? —  
The *wilding* may Messala's marble cleave,  
The speaker silence, and the sculptor reave. —  
Good health but *bottoms* winters knowlege. —  
The *pricket* points the bed, but not the side —  
Mistius they unman, who next them lay;  
Safe on the inner beam, and snug the stray. —  
When late I *benicht* thee a prince in my jokes: —  
No vulgar *lingel* can his crescent suit: —  
—— wanner than unrecent box.'

Our readers may perhaps think that these detached lines, mysterious as they seem, may be unravelled by recurring to the context, and consulting the Epigrams from which they are selected; but we can assure them, that their labour would be vain — nobody can understand Mr. Elphinston's language but himself: we should be infinitely obliged to him, therefore, if he would translate his translation into plain English. Single lines, or whole Epigrams, are at present equally unintelligible: for example.

' To Flaccus.

Would you know the plight I dread,  
In the partner of my bed?  
Such a tiny slender thing  
Finds a brasslet in my ring.

M

Her

Her uncover'd cushion cuts,  
 And her knee alarming buts.  
 'Twixt her loins the griding saw  
 Well may to a dagger draw.  
 Think not yet, you rogue, my rate  
 Rises to a thousand weight.  
 I'm not coarse enough for that:  
 Give me flesh, without the fat.

' To the same.

The birth that's ingenuous, is doubtless the blest:  
 The rank of freed-woman is but the next best.  
 The handmaid possesses the ultimate place:  
 But she'll beat them both, if ingenuous her face.

These, in point of obscurity, are tolerably excellent; but  
 for *darkness visible* take the following:

' To Ammianus.

To thy mother, ah! how kind!  
 Parent, ah! how kind to thee!  
 Brother thou, and sister she!  
 Why to novel names inclin'd?

Than ye are, pray, why be other?  
 Jest ye think it: vile the shame!  
 Mother, wishing sister's name,  
 Would nor sister be, nor mother.'

We cannot conclude our extracts from this production  
 more properly than by one of the Epigrams entitled

' The book to the Reader.

Tho', reader, thou well may'st be *sick of such stuff*,  
 With couplets thou ne'er art content.  
 So Hunks ne'er has *usance*, nor boys bread enough:  
*Dismiss me: mum/symbols* consent.

Fantastic as this work is, we were not a little surprised  
 to find a large and most respectable list of subscribers prefixed  
 to it!

Mr. Elphinston's prose is not superior to his poetry."

If this doughty Critic has not himself exemplified *the im-*  
*proved state of British Literature*, he certainly has exhibited  
 the completion of British Criticism; and Criticism must  
 possess the quintessence, if she hold the touchstone, of litera-  
 ture.

'Tho'



Tho' the *Critical Entertainer* sometimes *sits down with thankfulness* to a repast, whence the guests as thankfully rise: no less piously does he blast, with the first breath, a devoted object; and prepossess the company, with due abhorrence of participation. Having thus (however *incongruously*) contrasted the largeness of the volume, to the littleness of its merit; he proceeds to the bold ironic figure, which he handles in so masterly a manner, that his judicious as candid Employer little suspects the chosen Critic, by the very ardor of his zeal, to be betraying (as *exposing*) the common cause. The Oracle however can scarce keep his own gravity, or even that of his hearers; when he first *pities the fate of poor Martial*, for having fallen into such hands; and then pronounces his Epigrams, all but a few, *dull, obscene, and uninteresting*; shrewdly adding that, *if they had not come down to us, we should have had but little reason to regret their loss*. How, think the Readers (who dare to think) should we have been able to estimate the loss? The fifty or sixty descenders would have but lamely shown the unworthiness of the rest. This Traitor, who is certainly the Cecilian of St. George as well as of MARTIAL; proceeds, with the most solemn face, to *believe that there are not less* (critical grammar!) *than ten thousand lines* — because their author assured him, in the first page of the Preface, that there are many more. He continues to speak more seriously, than even the Brethren believe; when he affects irony, (tho' he *affect* not licence,) in saying, that the Versifier *has so ingeniously contrived as*, of that myriad, *not to give us twenty, that can afford his readers any satisfaction*. Here he plainly ment, *our readers*; not the noble Company *he saw, and pin'd*: for he well knew, and was himself about (*insiduously as invidiously*) to demonstrate, that of the ten thousand, not twenty, not ten lines, not one line, could be found, likely to give an enemy satisfaction. This he goes on methodically to prove, by pretending to *quote and construe*, the Latin Dedication. Little drempt his Readers, that *neither* of these he could do; more than, that the Poets

evidence against himself, not admitted in all courts, had in the single line a *Misnomer*; and, of that so noted line, a misinterpretation. MARTIAL owned, as well as knew, that every human performance has degrees of excellence; two of which he might comparatively call *middling* and *bad*; but no rational being could suppose any Poet, to have thought; far less, without irony, to have pronounced, the majority of his own works infamous. However, his preliminary Address was cited and interpreted, with as much fidelity as his confession. *Odavus* was necessary to Cecilian, as to the common jumble, in which MARTIALS works have descended seventeen centuries; tho' *primus* became the indispensable term, when arrangement at length, after MARTIALS own heart, made DOMITIANS the *first* of his books. Between the Original and Version, must come the *fleur* essential to the *Critical*, as the *fleur* to the *Monthly Review*. A *fleur* was easy to Cecilian; and innocent, respecting his object. The Version was followed by a learned and significant exclamation; and the threefold compliment swallowed as *sterling sense*, by all present; who had before admired and understood every word of the *supposed* English, almost as much as they had done every word of the *supposed* Latin. Cecilian enjoyed his own credit. *Jocorum mistura*, triumphs he, rendered a *sprinkle of the jocular*! Appeal was to *Ainsworth*, a silent assessor; but umpire in so difficult cases. *Mistura* producing no *sprinkle*, the culprit was cast. *Jocorum* could not be found at all; so *Martial* was cast along with him. *Couched*, and *affected licence*, were doomed to ignominious Italics: for the whole Court *sensibly* felt them unintelligibles, when Cecilian demanded: *Who can possibly* (here implying *who dare*) *understand them, that has not read the original?* And so far at least he was secure, that none present had read it but himself: how he had read it, we may guess, by perceiving how he understood it. *The whole!* hums he, *must remember* — *Who are the whole?* This question, being *hard nonsense*, puzzled his very self. But, never long at a loss, yet never suspecting *the whole* to be the whole



whole book, he gave the short satisfying answer: ' Martial only says *meminerit*.' All gladly took leave of the Latin. Of the English indeed all were pretty equal judges. Of the *English Epigrams*, condescends Cecilian, our Readers may determine the merit, when we inform them, that we have selected some of the best—(aside, for our purpose!) But Cecilian did not inform them, that this selection, as he calls it, was made of the first seven *Exhibitions*; of which every part was familiar to all then at Rome; as was, to every personage addressed, each remote allusion; whether of time or of place: for the high, in those days, were knowing. But, tho' the Epigrams were presented for the instruction and entertainment of mankind; neither the local, nor the referential circumstances could, at the distance of thousands of years as well as of miles, continue understood, without the aid of Commentators; which becomes expedient for the illustration even of contemporary forainers, but indispensable to the reading of the Ancients. For this reason, was so ample a Comment subjoined to this translation of Martial; and, for the same reason, were these seven historic Epigrams taken, without any notice taken of the Comment; which, by removing every obstruction, would have totally overthrown the design. Honefter however was Cecilian than the *Monthly's* Inquisitor: for he fairly owns some selection, tho' he troubles not his Readers with the cause. Thus alone were these chosen as the best: tho' as clear in English as in Latin, unavoidably obscure in both to common readers, without the elucidations, which shall be here supplied; but which the trusty Cecilian took care not to hint at, lest his Readers should have believed them to exist. For then he could not have ventured to raise the floor, by boldly pronouncing *obscure, farfetched, unaccountable, and unexampled; rising machinations (mazing their way, for the way,) bristling Ethiops, royal riddance, and converg'd mankind*; a metaphor not the less happy, if it be without example. The blunder of saying, *here we have mausoleums hung on buoyant tongues*, he would not perhaps have risked, had he known

known it. But that, fortunate as may be every one of these combinations, *they are nothing to what we meet with of the same kind, in the course of this work*, Cecilian might say with sincerity; tho' his perfect command of the *ambiguous* made him satisfy, at once, and smile at his Disciples.

\* *Comment* (p. 489.) Book I. Part ii. Epig. 1. l. 2.  
 \* *Babylon*: the capital of Chaldea; founded by Nimrod or  
 \* Belus, and augmented by his son Ninus; was rendered by  
 \* his widow Semiramis, one of the worlds earliest wonders:  
 \* not so much for the pensile gardens, as for the brick-walls  
 \* she reared, two hundred foot high, fifty thick, four hundred and eighty (some say a hundred fewer) furlongs in compass; each furlong a hundred and twenty-five foot, about the eighteth part of a mile. The Euphrates never overflowing, like the Nile; canals were drawn from it thro' the country, that Chaldea might reap a similar benefit with Egypt.

\* To join the sides of the city, queen Nitocris, the mother of Belsazzar, called also Labynithes and Nabonides, by turning the water into an immense lake she had dug, erected an enormous bridge. By diverting the stream into that reservoir, did Cyrus enter Babylon, else impregnable; cut off the rioting and sacrilegious king, and transfer the Assyrian, or Babylonian sway to the Medes and Persians; about the year of Rome 218, and 536 before the Christian era. Some centuries after, Seleucus Nicanor built, about three hundred furlongs from Babylon; on the Tigris, variously a rival to the Euphrates; the city Seleucia, transmuted into the opulent *Bagdad* or *Bagdat*; since 1640, from Persian, subject to Turkish government. Babylons ruins are hardly more perceptible, than those of Memphis. Her manufactures of embroidery may revive at Bagdat, more easily than her mathematical and astronomic fame. Egypts Babylon, now Cairo, we saw I. xxvi. l. 482. [There we found, the first paragraph on *Egypt*;

\* Her



' Her level land, and equal sky; her fertilizing Nile,  
 ' and Ofirical cultivation; could not but render her the  
 ' granary of the world. For this purpose, perhaps more  
 ' than for the sepulture of her kings, or even the worship  
 ' of her gods; did majestic *Memphis* rear her stupendous  
 ' pyramids: which, if they have outlived almost her very  
 ' name, may easily survive that of *Cairo*. This named *Al-*  
 ' *Cairo*, or *The Cairo*, is situate on the east side of the Nile,  
 ' just opposite the ancient *Memphis*, and was long, under  
 ' the name of *Babylon*, the greatest city of Egypt. It fell  
 ' into Mahometan hands, but in 1517.]

' The work next to the Pyramids of Egypt, and walls of  
 ' Babylon; was *Trivia's fane*, or *Diana's temple* at Ephe-  
 ' sus; the glorious fabric of *Chersiphron*, and paragon of  
 ' every magnificence: peculiarly distinguished by the vast  
 ' chapiters, or capitals, on its wonderfull colonnades. Not  
 ' onely was it the boast of the *soft Ionia*; but, in its kind,  
 ' the masterpiece of the world. Of *Trivia* or *Diana*, a full  
 ' account is given p. 471 and 485.

' Our poet, after the temple of *Diana*, hints the cele-  
 ' brity of the *born-altar*, said to have been reared at *Delos*  
 ' (now *Sdiles*) by *Apollo*, an architect four years old. Both  
 ' he and his sister were early geniusses. His materials were  
 ' the horns of the roes, her shafts had already slain.

' The fifth miracle of architecture here celebrated, is in  
 ' the fifth line: the stupendous monument erected to *Mau-*  
 ' *solus*, king of *Caria*, by *Artemisia* his inconsolable relict;  
 ' who was resolved to work almost impossibilities in his  
 ' honor. On columns was it hoisted a hundred and forty  
 ' foot high; and crowned by a car, drawn by steeds,  
 ' who seemed indeed to fly in the air. From *Rhodes* was it  
 ' visible; but now remains onely, among the incredibilities of  
 ' truth; attested by the name it has lent to every superb  
 ' sepulcral monument, that possesses not an atom of the ob-  
 ' ject.

' These

\* These five glories of architecture, all become the *baseless*  
 \* *fabric of a vision*, except the Pyramids, coeval with their  
 \* base: have indeed yielded, as our bard prognosticates, to  
 \* the Amphitheater begun by Vespasian, and finished by  
 \* Titus, with eighty-seven thousand seats, for the three  
 \* ranks of Spectators; when entire, the first structure on  
 \* earth; and, in ruins, the admiration of mankind.

\* Ep. II. 1. *The colossal star*: a Coloss, which Nero had  
 \* erected of himself a hundred and twenty foot high. Vespasian ordered the head to be struck off, and to be replaced  
 \* by a figure of the Sun. Enormous, as unnatural, were  
 \* the idea's of Nero; among whose smallest cruelties, was  
 \* his seizing so vast a portion of the city, for his expansive  
 \* palace: where he displayed no more taste than humanity,  
 \* in

\* *His pond an ocean, his parterre a down.*

\* Romulus divided Rome, into three regions or wards; Servius Tullius, into four; named, from situation, the  
 \* *Palatine, Collatine, Esquiline, and Suburan*. Fourteen regions numbered Augustus; who gloried, by every possible  
 \* augmentation and embellishment, to render the head worthy of his empire: nor could he but enjoy the consciousness, that he had *founded Rome, of brick*; and was likely to  
 \* leave her, of marble.

\* *Claudia's portico* is thought, not ascertained, that of *Livia Drusilla*, this emperors second consort. The Claudian was a Samnite noble family; the favorite names *Nero* and *Drusus*: the former, speaking a man of nerve; the latter surname adopted by a *Claudius*, who, having in single combat slain *Drusus*, a chief of the Gauls, showed thus his respect for the vanquished, by wearing some part of the spoil. The porticoes, introductory to temple, palace, or other edifice, were often of like beauty and benefit: affording in themselves real objects of taste; and inviting, by their cool recess, sweet converse or contemplation.

\* But



‘ But, neither palace, nor theater, could be complete,  
 ‘ without baths belonging, or at hand. The Amphitheater  
 ‘ therefore was hardly finished, when *baths* became the sud-  
 ‘ den boons, of a Titus; who, by every beneficence, was im-  
 ‘ patient to be more *the delight of mankind*. Nay, such a Py-  
 ‘ thagorean practised, as well as praised, the *Golden Verses*.  
 ‘ When, on the evenings review, he recollected no particu-  
 ‘ lar good he had done, either to others or himself, since the  
 ‘ the morning; he would say, with a sigh: *My friends, I*  
 ‘ *have lost a day!* and endeavor to make himself what a-  
 ‘ mends he could, by a double improvement of the morrow.

‘ As for the *rising machinations*, they were vast frames, or sta-  
 ‘ ges; that rose, sank, dilated, and converged; or variously  
 ‘ appeared, and vanished, to amaze and amuse the people.

‘ III. 1. *What scene sequester’d?* None indeed was so  
 ‘ remote, as to withhold spectators. From North, South,  
 ‘ East, and West, they came: the *Sarmats*\*, like (as near)  
 ‘ the *Gelonians*†; the *Sicambrians*, from the now *Guelderland*  
 ‘ and *Zutphen*: from *Niles* sources, of which we know the  
 ‘ inhabitants, almost as well as the geography: from *Saba*,  
 ‘ or *Sabea*, and possibly other parts of *Arabia the Happy*.  
 ‘ From the *Desart*, or the *Rocky*, perhaps fewer were expec-

N

‘ table.

\* P. 473. ‘ *Sarmatia, European and Asiatic, comprised Poland, Russia, Tartary; and is therefore sometimes epitheted, comparatively with southern countries, hyperborean or northern.*’

† P. 479. *Hercules’s son Gelonus; patient, active, brave; became fit to found a people hardy, dexterous, resistless. He applied personal pain to its onely possible use, that of rendering the subject terrible. In this additional armor (which all unpolished nations wore) the Gelonians were neither encumbered by its unwieldiness, nor retarded by heavy baggage. It was the enemy’s business to supply provision. Why carry, what waited but the earning? If the march proved somewhat long, and nature brought demands; a Gelonian was at no loss to answer them. His horse might also be refreshed, by sparing a little blood; and milk, of one animal or other, was not often distant. Appetite whetted ingenuity: the mess, soon mingled, was soon enjoyed; and the march proceeded. This was the resource of many ancient nations, and is said to be of some to this day; particularly of certain Tartar tribes, the very successors of the Gelonians.*’

‘ table. *Tethys*, the daughter of Heaven and Earth, and  
 ‘ consort of the Ocean, must bring from Spain, or the British  
 ‘ isles, as the boundaries of the West, some no less accepta-  
 ‘ ble strangers.

‘ *Hemus* (or *Emus*) and *Rhodope*, Thracian mountains,  
 ‘ that seem toren asunder, were a mighty king and queen;  
 ‘ for arrogating divine honors, doomed to petrefaction,  
 ‘ Orpheus knew this, full as well as did Ovid (*Met.* VI);  
 ‘ but national attachment (little dreaming of danger†, where  
 ‘ they were) made him shier of communication,

‘ The *Cilician*, or *Corycian*, sometimes called the ruddy,  
 ‘ dew; sprang from *Corycus*, a mountain fertile of saffron,  
 ‘ in *Cilicia*, a region of Asia the Less, now *Asiatic Turkey*.  
 ‘ Of that fragrant commodity, diluted with sweet wine,  
 ‘ aspersions

† P. 480. Orpheus was the celestial son of *Apollo* and *Calliope*; if the terrestrial of *Eagrus* the Thracian, by whatever mother; and coeval with *Hercules*, a hundred years before the war of *Troy*. Whether *Apollo* or *Mercury* gave him the lyre, has never yet been settled; but one is the consent, how he swept it. That cataracts hung to hear him, and crags flew to follow him; that bears danced to his melody, and tigers licked his hand; is as much allowed, as that, on his visit below, he touched the very soul of *Pluto* and *Proserpine*; who conditionally gave him back his wife. Infernal condition, to the feelings of an Orpheus! who could no more forbear to cast an eye on whom he led, than remember how dear the glance must cost him. When his better self was gone, he minded not the remainder; nor all the Ladies, the sun continued to shine on. Himself had brought into *Greece* (to *Thebes* indeed) the *Dionysians* [here exhibited at large], tho’ *Herodotus* gives this glory to a *Melampus*; meaning perhaps, in *Blacfoot*, but a sarcasm on the importer. And surely, any other than an Orpheus; or he, more than any other, by his indifference; deserved, that the Ladies of *Thrace*, as well as *Beotia*, should become very *Bacchanals* against him; and make him first exemplify the scene, he had deemed worthy propagation.

Admirable, amiable, and touching, as we too must have found Orpheus; some deny him, as others *Job*, to have ever existed out of picture. To both pictures however, be the painters who could, we owe the most important instruction, conveyed in the sublimest manner. Nor only we: if *Homer* had not the happiness of knowing a Genius, whom he would have been proud to own his greater; it is certain, that the father of merely human poetry was no more ashamed, than *Virgil* of his master, to speak himself the disciple of an Orpheus.



\* aspersions were made by fine tubes, over the Amphitheater.'

\* IV. 3. *The dire delating crew*: the insidious informers, and false accusers, encouraged under Nero, were, by Titus and Domitian, exposed to condign chastisement: and, after variously suffering, what they had wantonly occasioned to others; were glad to embrace that banishment or relegation, into which they had so often driven the innocent.

\* V. 1. *The Scythian rock* was Caucasus; and *Caledon* or *Caledonia*, the north part of Britain, since the extirpation of the Picts, by king Kenneth II. about the year 838, named *Scotland*. Bears were thence brought in those days; particularly from the forests of Ross and Athol: but they have been (like the English wolves by king Edgar) exterminated too.

\* The punishment of malefactors was deemed a political exhibition: however aggravatedly shocking such punishment must be, which realised or represented, in the Amphitheater, the tragic fables or stories of antiquity; those of *Prometheus* (fully explained, p. 533.) *Orpheus* (just now), *Dedalus* (pp. 494, 499.) *Scævola* (presently) and the rest.

\* VI. 4. *The whole Hesperian grove*: the garden of the Hesperides, *Egle*, *Arethusa*, and *Hesperethusa*; the daughters of *Hesperus* (the Evening, thence the West) the brother of Atlas (some say the daughters of Atlas himself) king of Mauritania, whom we have already seen (p. 473.) in various shapes. This (now the Barbary-) coast might well produce golden apples; whether oranges, lemons, or citrons: but, as the guardian-dragon, Hercules overcame, has been by some critics interpreted a winding bay; so the golden apples have been metamorphosed into ruddy sheep; a produce of no less value: the Greek term being one for an apple and a sheep.

‘ VII. (*which should be VIII.*) 5. But, were he bid,  
 ‘ Martial is no friend to violence, much less to self-violence;  
 ‘ nor ambitious to think with *the sages of Abdera*: that  
 ‘ Thracian city, whose very air was thought to teem with  
 ‘ stupidity or madness. He therefore pronounces it less  
 ‘ bold, spontaneously to burn a limb; than to refuse one,  
 ‘ where *the torturing tunic*, lined with every combustible,  
 ‘ proves the immediate consequence. Some have here ima-  
 ‘ gined a Christian the criminal; admired even by enemies,  
 ‘ for denying to *offer* incense to the heathen deities: which  
 ‘ the last word of the Latin epigram, may idiomatically, or  
 ‘ elliptically imply.’

Whatever *Cecilian* thought of all this, he archly took care, that his *readers* should never hear of it: for his darling object, the *blindfolding* vail, would have been withdrawn. He hastes therefore to the second, or *elliptic* figure; which consists onely of lopping any limb, or limbs; and presenting the polypus, sufficiently entire: a figure indeed but secondary, and subservient to the grand design of the *vail*. The cause of *Cecilians* picking this epigram, neither his own, nor any other readers, could have guessed: being no other than the *preface* he had glanced to its *comment*, p. 525. ‘ The escape of Regulus had  
 ‘ deeply struck his friend; who speaks his double gratitude,  
 ‘ in the double celebration. The present therefore of Epig.  
 ‘ VIII. however pleasing, must be still *less acceptable* than  
 ‘ the two preceding, or than that which follows.’

*Five* lines however drew the vail rather closer, as well as inducted the *neat* and *elegant* more *admirably*, than could the whole sixteen; which may be requisite to the less tractable apprehension of the present Reader.’

‘ TO REGULUS: with a present.

Some coopling screamers young and old;  
 Some Chians yellow, not with cold;  
 Some fruit of the complaining dam,  
 (The kid I mean, and not the lamb;)

Some



Some olives, that have brav'd the frost;  
 Some hoary greens, that are not lost;  
 Altho' they own the seasons rigor,  
 From out my farm may flash a figure.  
 How wide and wilfull must thou stray,  
 If, *REGULUS*, thou so should say!  
 My pretty lands, thou wilt agree,  
 Can nothing more produce than me.  
 Whate'er thy steward, or thy hind;  
 Or villa at Third Marble, find;  
 Tuscans or Tusculans may send:  
 To me must fair *Subura* lend.'

*Cecilian* had no more use for the Comment on this epigram, than he had for its preface; else, from the same page 525, he would have feared at the following paragraph.

' *Subura*, a noted market (like London's *Covent-Garden*)  
 ' leading from the Forum to the *Preneftine* Way, produced  
 ' the particulars. *Chios* (now *Scio*, turkishly *Saches*) was not  
 ' more famous for mastic, and clay, that vied with the Sa-  
 ' mian or Lesbian; than for figs and wine, of a pleasant  
 ' poinancy. This island, one of the noblest in the Egean,  
 ' situate off Ionia, enjoyed the neighborhood of *Erythrae*  
 ' and *Cuma*, both sacred to the *Sibyl* (of whom p. 519): the  
 ' latter the head of the thirty Eolian cities. South from  
 ' *Cuma* lay (and lies) *Smyrna*, about this time, consecrated  
 ' one of the seven Churches; nor less renowned in paga-  
 ' nism, several centuries before the *Sibyl*, for the birth of  
 ' *Homer*, stiled from the *Smyranean* river *Meles*, *Melesigenes*:  
 ' an honor however, as claimed by *Antimachus*, allowed  
 ' by *Plutarch*, to *Colophon*; who cannot be denied at least  
 ' her vicinity to *Cayster*, majestic in his swans. Wherever  
 ' *Homer* was born, his mothers birthplace was the rocky  
 ' *Ios*, an Egean Sporad (or *Straggler*); where the bard, on  
 ' his way from *Samos* to *Athens*, suddenly taken, died.  
 ' Opposite *Chios*, stood *Clazomenae*, proud of her *Anaxa-*  
 ' *geras* (of whom p. 510.); as, between *Erythrae* and *Co-*  
 ' *lophon*,

‘ Iophon, *Teos* or *Teios*, the Ionian port, and undoubted  
 ‘ parent of Sappho’s poetic friend Erinna; while *Anacreon*  
 ‘ is disputed by the Paphlagonian *Teium*.’

Cecilian being asked, why he had not laughed at this  
 rapsody; Pray, cries he, gaping, (perhaps not alone,) what have we, or what had MARTIAL to do, with this  
 geographic and historic stuff? What business have we with  
 old philosophers and poets? If neither Greeks nor Latins  
 had come down, we Reviewers *should have had no reason to*  
*regret their loss.* *Meminerit* stuck in his stomach: it cured  
 him of playing with originals. But, my learned Brethren,  
 ancients out of the question; could any, or all, of you have  
 cut up a modern better? Did not my five lines break, and  
 blank, the sixteen rimers charmingly? Did I not make them  
 Pindarics, by the addition of two; not a couple! of still greater  
 nonsense, as well as greater length? Had I not some  
 ground to exult on the discovery, *which could not indeed have*  
*been expected*, that *blest* is a superlative degree? Is it not so  
 in *ablest* and *noblest*? Did I not dextrously show, that *blester*  
 is not *bleffeder*, or *more blessed*; but, that it is a degree beyond  
 the superlative? Did I not humorously prove, that no one can  
*close* that, which does *not close* of itself? Do ye not envy  
 my double triumph in one line? He may fancy, that *from*  
*out*, in poetry, corresponds with *out of*, in prose; but *I know*  
 no such correspondence: and he may *flash a figure*, if he can;  
 but I shall always *cut a figure*, if *Chesterfield* and English  
 MARTIAL should join, to call it the lowest phrase of the lan-  
 guage. Before I procede, I humbly hope the thanks  
 of the Court; first, for fixing nonsense on both lines, where  
 some will say I found none; and secondly, for keeping the  
 rest of both epigrams out of sight: for, when I shall have  
 red (as I safely may here) the whole of them; it will be much  
 easier to take for granted their impropriety, than to ascertain  
 it. I will not tire the Court with the Latin.



## III. 73. To the READER.

Fell hurry, who the former volume brands,  
 Recalls th' abortions, that escap'd my hands.  
 Some hackney'd stanzaes here confess the file;  
 But more are new: on both, sweet READER, smile,  
 READER, our riches! Well, said ROME, I know,  
 A blefter boon I have not to bestow.  
 By this thou thro' Lethean streams shalt strive,  
 And in thy better part shalt still survive.  
 The wilding may Messala's marble cleave,  
 The speaker silence, and the sculptor reave.  
 The mules pert driver may reproachless laugh,  
 At Crispus' courfers, dwindled down to half!  
 Wits labors onely rape or age defy:  
 His monuments alone can never dy.'

## ——— 74. To the MUSE.

' To books unnumber'd would'st relume the lay?  
 ' And canst thou still, my MUSE, pretend to play?  
 ' For shame, have done. Not fame can more bestow:  
 ' Thou giv'st already ev'ry breast to glow.  
 ' When great Messala's monuments shall ly,  
 ' When the Licinian marbles selves shall dy;  
 ' Thee still mankind shall read. To distant climes,  
 ' Each son of taste shall ravish home thy rimes.  
 ' I just had clos'd the never-closing toil,  
 ' When she, whose locks and vesture drip with oil:  
 ' Canst then, ingrate, forsake a task like ours?  
 ' How, idler, better would'st employ thy pow'rs?  
 ' Wouldst change my sock, for what my soul abhors?  
 ' In even measures, thunder oddest wars?  
 ' That thee the pedant with hoarse voice may roar,  
 ' Thee the meek maid and stripling may deplore.  
 ' Those pompous strains let midnight-wretches write,  
 ' Whose lucubrations dare Minerva's spite.  
 ' Do thou, with Roman salt, bestrow thy lays;  
 ' That life may see, and hear, and mend, her ways.  
 ' What

‘ What, tho’ thy reed full slender may be found ?

‘ That slender reed may many a trump outfound.’

*Cecilian* was honored with unanimous approbation, next to applause; for so cunningly extinguishing, what even the Readers of either *Review*, if not duly preinstructed, might have been in danger of calling *monstrous good* things. As this pious Commissioner had succeeded so admirably, in *throwing the veil*, with which he had been entrusted; he was desired to inform the board, what kind Genius had enabled him, or what method he had devised, to extinguish every light, and diffuse darkness palpable, wherever he cast his eye. I hold, bowed *Cecilian*, in my hand the plan I followed: from whom I had it, I need not inform my penetrating Audience. To show however, that I have not been quite negligent of the high charge, to me committed; I recollected, that *limning the water* was proverbial as *ploughing the shore*, or *washing the Ethiopian*, the moment Domitians *Swimmers* caught my glance. Here all was magic, that our readers were not to dream of: *primed* were they therefore generally, particularly, and in every respect, for swallowing as nonsense, the fifth line, detached from ten, of I. ii. 43.

*Here was the liquid limp’d with lambent oar,*

I. iii. 27. of 36 lines, lent me the very first, than which none could be more suited, to make my second line,

*O Appian! who thine awfull shall display?*

Who this *Appian* might be, whether *Appian* the historian, or any relation, at whatever distance, of any *Appius*; our readers had no more right, than curiosity, to enquire. Safe enough were they from suspecting, that, incomprehensible as the address was, *the Appian way* should be spoke to.

Our disciples, (whom we do indeed keep in due subjection, and implicit faith) would have profited poorly by their opportunities; if they did not now understand the language, both of prose and verse, almost as well as we do. *Wilding and reave* might be botanic or poetic; but I needed no black

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art to conceive, that both must dy in the transplantation. Take we care, that they revive not in their native bed. They must be other readers than ours, who make much of the eighteenth and last line of IV. ii. 2.

*Good health best bottoms winters knowlege.*

Of the same fourth book, but first part (for my motions are sometimes retrograde); I selected from the twenty-seventh epigram, consisting of sixteen lines, the tenth, thirteenth and fourteenth.

*The pricket points the bed, but not the side. ———*

*Mistius they unman, who next them lay;*

*Safe on the inner beam, and snug the stray.*

Of him that decyphers this, I shall onely say, *erit mihi magnus Apollo*. In the petty quatrain of VI. i. 18. *benicht*, that did not much enlighten myself, who think I know Analogy—almost as well as Etymology; the said *benicht* must as certainly *benight* one reader, as it may turn another into a statue.

*When late I benicht thee a prince in my jokes.*

The thirty-third, of the same part and book; furnished me, of its ten, with the seventh line I wanted, for my tenth:

*No vulgar lingel can his crescent suit.*

*Lingel* I did properly distinguish, if any distinction can do it sufficient honor. I was half tempted to have paid a similar compliment to *crescent*: but I began to consider, that some shrewd readers might see, as soon almost as myself, that it could signify nothing but a half-moon. We must be running to dictionaries, and comments, and contexts, I suppose! Not we indeed, or our Readers. *The improved state of British literature* need purchase no skill at such price. From the forty-first, three fourths of the eleventh line,

—— *wanner than unrecent box.*

effected such a complement of my *Cento*, as no genius inferior to my own, or rather to ours, could have inspired. *Wanner*! what is that? *Wan* I know: but who knows *wanner*? *Recent* has, of late years, become familiar in certain mouths; who swallow and spout it with avidity, without always e-

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vincing its multifarious utility : but *unrecent* who ever saw ? As for *box*, it may box the compass for me ; and, I hope, for any, at least of our readers.

Thus of eight Epigrams, and 150 Lines, that some Critics may fancy luminous, have I cooked a *Conundrum*, in ten lines and seven eight'ths ; which may defy, jointly or singly, the keenest *Edipus* in the vicinity, or perhaps on the globe. To us, the *Sphinx* would have been but a Reader. Now, since our dearly-beloved Readers have as just a confidence in our integrity, as in our ability ; we can have little reason to apprehend, that any one of them shall dare to dream, after the solemn assurance *we* have given them, that any one of the said eight Epigrams, can be less *mysterious*, than the *selection* we have taken such pains to make, for their instruction and entertainment. These ten lines and seven eight'ths (not to mention aught else) are Mr *Elphinstons* language : and are they not, as I have repeatedly declared his language, absolutely *unintelligible* ? If nobody can understand *ten* lines, shall anybody attempt to read *eleven* ? If the successive mines and batteries, of confederate confederacies, have proved unable to make the smallest breach in his verse ; much more, to sap its foundations : if thus we have, separately and conjunctly, (whatever we purposed or pretended) rendered ourselves the hapless instruments of demonstrating, that nothing can come up to his *verse* ; we needed not keep his *prose* at a distance, to prove that it was *not superior*.

Our *humanity*, as a high brother\* hints, has been often *interested* to take this Writer into our care : and so graciously have we *condescended*, on several occasions, to honor him, not onely with our kindest observations, but with our most familiar† advice ; as to have rendered him, once at least in twenty years, our neither unprofiting nor unprofitable reader ; and even to have roused his sluggish soul to some small acknowledgement of what he owes, and of what the world owes, to the *Critical* as well as to the *Monthly Review*.

The said acknowledgement was accordingly drawn up in form following.

The



The MEMORIAL and PROTEST of JAMES ELPHINSTON; in behalf of himself, and of the Public; consequently, in behalf of the MONTHLY and CRITICAL REVIEWS.

Whereas the Printers and Publishers of certain periodical Pamphlets, entitled *the Monthly Review*, and *the Critical Review*; by themselves, or by others, whose writings have been respectively printed and published by them; have, these many years, in the said periodical publications; as appears, from the authentic documents here given; endeavored to defame, that is, to decry or ridicule, without showing cause; the successive literary labors, of the said Memorialist; to the certain detriment no less than regret of their Author, proportionable to the diminution of his influence with that much greater part of the Public; for whose improvement so wanted, and entertainment so due, those labors have been chiefly designed: The said Printers and Publishers are now solemnly obtested, for their own, rather than any other sake; to desist from so unnatural, injurious and scandalous, an abuse of British Liberty. For, after the ample and unbroken chain of evidence, which they, in violation of every tie of humanity, and in defiance of every conciliatory art, have here drawn unavoidably on themselves; if, in the Review of any future Work, they shall, by others, or themselves, be weak and wicked enough to reattempt prejudgement or false inference; suppression of the great parts, or dilata-tion of the small; wilfull misconstruction or misrepresentation; censure without criticism, or criticism without cause: or if they shall have again the insolence to assume the pert, the flippant; the sneer, or the leer, towards the said Memorialist, or any other member of the Republic of Letters: the said *Reviews*, that might have been as acceptable as usefull to the Public, and proportionably advantageous to their Undertakers; must fall into universal contempt, and consequent incapacity of hurting, either the Community, or its ardent servant

JAMES ELPHINSTON.

Margaret-street N. 25.

Cavendish-square, May 29, 1783.

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The task, which has proved the most painfull, the Memorialist ever undertook; and which nothing, but self-defence and social duty, could have enjoined; may nevertheless, by the benignity of Providence, become the instrument of diffusive good: and some (if not all) of the works, in a weak and blindfolded world, half-blasted by the breath of unexampled malignity, may yet effectually revive into new Editions, or in new shapes; according as the ends may be best answered, for which they were composed: especially as, having passed so fiery a trial, they can have nothing farther to fear.

First therefore reerects his head, he, on whose account this investigation began: *English MARTIAL*, with his Comment (price a Guinea in boards) having stood the test of a twelvemonth, without the shadow of a solid attack, upon a single line, sentence, or word.

Nor will the English work be the less welcome, that it now is accompanied by the Original; *cum Introductione ad Poëtas, præcipuè ad MARTIALEM*: in a pocket-volume (price five shillings in boards) on a new letter, and fine paper; being the first Latin Edition of MARTIAL, that ever enjoyed the light of arrangement; with which that, of the new English Version, exactly corresponds; and exhibiting in like manner, the completest collection of MARTIALS works, that propriety ever can admit.

To the Printers, BAKER and GALABIN (of *Ingram-court, Fenchurch-street*), what does not a Classic owe; which, since finished, has been examined with a microscopic eye (as has indeed the present Publication,) and not a fault typographical found?

To all ages and characters spoke an older merry Moralist:

*Tibi aras, tibi occas, tibi seris; tibi eidem et metis.*

Tis for thyself thy ploughs and harrows go:

And thy same self shall reap, whate'er thou sow.

If, in this idea, *Every man* is now becoming *his own Broker, Lawyer, Physician, and Divine*; the Memorialist, being Proprietor of his own works; begs leave, without precluding his Friends, to prove also *his own Bookseller*.





